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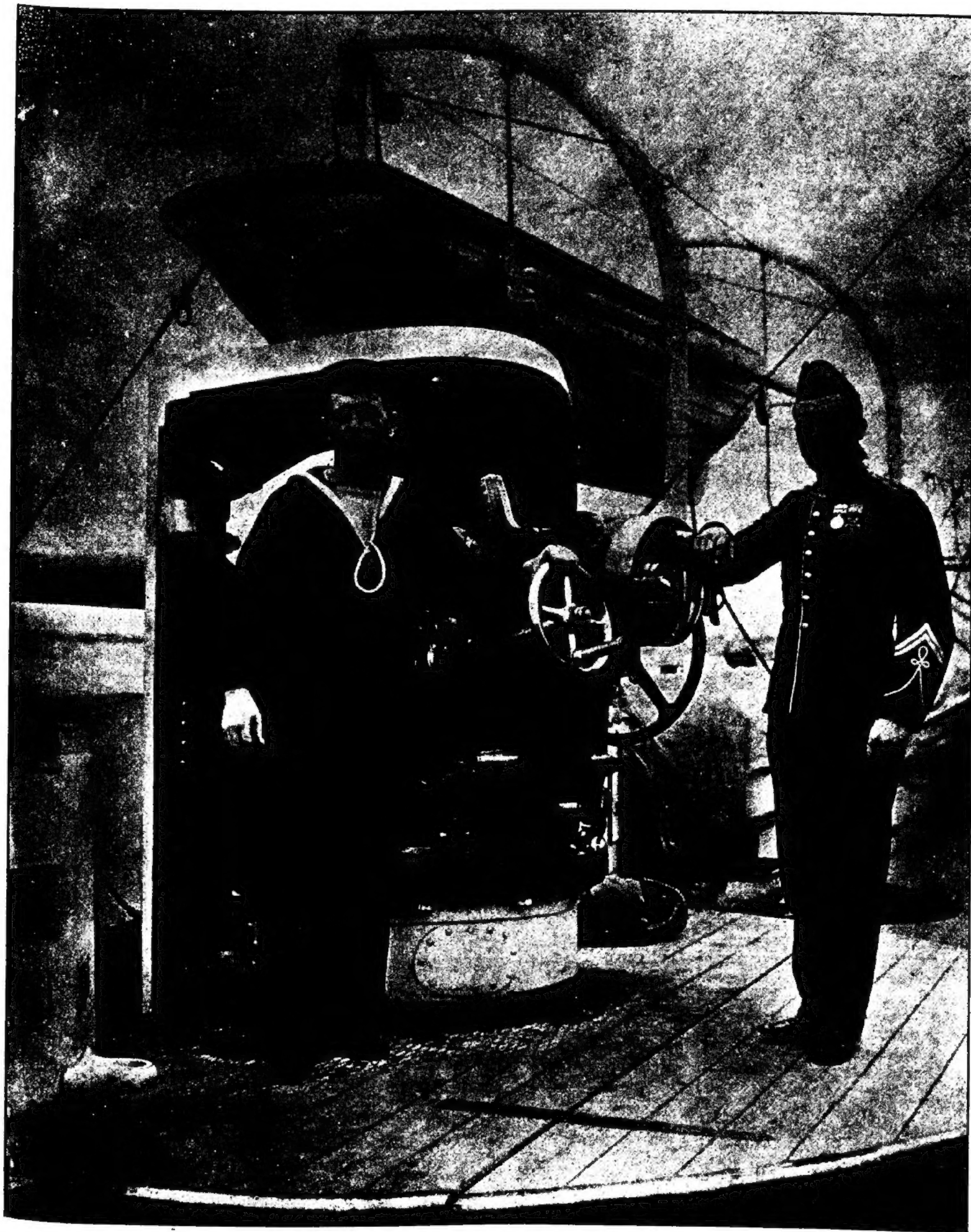
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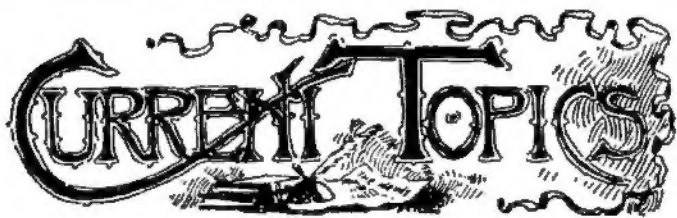
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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

20th SEPTEMBER, 1890.



Some notion of the growth of the British navy during the last three centuries may be gathered from the comparison of a few simple figures. In 1578 Queen Elizabeth had twenty-four ships in her own royal list. Besides these, she could, in emergency, depend on merchant and other ships throughout the kingdom of 100 tons and upwards to the number of 135; on barques and other craft of from 40 to 100 tons, 656; on about 100 sail of hoys (small sloops used for the transport of passengers and freight), and an indefinite number of fishing boats and other such craft, reckoned to be at least 600. Evidently, with the exception of Her Majesty's ships (that is, the royal navy proper), the vessels in this enumeration (the naval reserve, so to speak), would be of exceedingly small account in our time. Of course, the stage of advancement which ship-building had reached in other countries, as well as England, in the latter part of the 16th century must be remembered. Another list—that of the Armada year—shows what a naval force could be mustered with the willing help of patriotic merchants, noblemen and gentlemen. Let us see what the great readjustment of last year has already effected in the service. Not until 1894 will all the changes contemplated be carried out. Of battle ships of the first class there are 17, with an aggregate tonnage of 165,330. In 1894 these will be increased to 30, with a total tonnage of 333,950. Of battle ships of the second class there are 15, with a tonnage of 97,010, which are to be increased to 17, with a tonnage of 115,010. Of other classes of battle ships there are 6, with a tonnage of 55,660. Of coast defence ships the number is 12, with a tonnage of 37,230; of first-class cruisers, 12, with a tonnage of 76,650. The total of armoured ships is 62, with a tonnage of 431,880, to be increased to 77, with a tonnage of 618,500. Of protected ships there are to be 11 cruisers of the first-class, with a tonnage of 84,150; of the second-class there are 10, with a tonnage of 39,000, to be increased to 51, with a tonnage of 169,625; of the third-class, 18, with a tonnage of 37,900, to be increased to 24, with a tonnage of 46,800. There is to be one torpedo depot ship of a tonnage of 6,620. There is one torpedo ram of a tonnage of 2,640. There are in all 29 protected ships, with a tonnage of 78,540, to be increased to 88, with a tonnage of 309,915. There are of unprotected ships—second-class cruisers, corvettes, sloops, gun vessels, torpedo cruisers, torpedo gunboats, first and second-class torpedo boats, dispatch vessels, special service ships, etc.—a total of 282, with a tonnage of 168,724, to be increased to 336, with a tonnage of 198,654. The complete list of effective ships afloat in January, 1889, is 373, with a tonnage of 679,144, which in 1894 will be increased to 501, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,127,049. This list does not comprise ships, like the Thrush, then under construction, on whose completion a sum of £1,546,000 was to be spent. The total cost of the addition required to bring the navy to the standard contemplated in 1894 is computed to be £22,669,000. This enumeration does not include the seven vessels being built for an Australian squa-

dron, nor the twenty-three vessels on the Cunard, Peninsular and Oriental, and White Star lines, retained as Reserved Merchant Cruisers.

A finer fleet was never brought together than that which passed under the admiring and astonished gaze of the young German Emperor at Spithead in the summer of last year. Since the practical initiation of the great scheme of reform introduced by Lord George Hamilton, a large number of new vessels had been launched, while some thirty-five ships of the smaller type, deemed inadequate for the improved standard of construction, were variously disposed of. After His Majesty's inspection, the vessels of the fleet dispersed for the summer manœuvres. The main feature in the evolutions was the defence of the British coasts against a powerful enemy who had Ireland as his base. The enemy's tactics of sending a squadron piecemeal up the channel resulted in the capture of some of his most valuable ships. A fast squadron was then sent round by the north of Scotland to bombard the towns of the east coast, but the defence sent a squadron through the strait of Dover to intercept the attacking foe, and, notwithstanding the damage done by the Irish flying squadron, all but one ship of it was captured, while the assailants gained little or no compensating advantage. The inference drawn by naval strategists from this result was that the channel was not so difficult to defend as had been previously imagined. The naval manœuvres of the present year provoked more controversy, opinion being divided as to the significance of the result. In this case the invaders utterly disappeared, and it seemed doubtful whether their dispersion was to be deemed a victory for the defence, or their escape scatheless to be regarded as a discomfiture. For the management of their respective squadrons, however, fair credit has been given to both admirals—Sir George Tryon, who personated the commander of the defence, and Sir Culme Seymour, who led the invading force.

Canadians have been reproached (and not without some reason) for neglecting to avail themselves of the opportunities for the study of aboriginal ethnology, languages and tribal characteristics, though due credit has been given to our governments and people for their treatment of the Indians. On the other hand, our neighbours have been severely blamed (and not by outsiders chiefly) for cruel injustice and disregard of solemn obligations in their intercourse with the native races, while the fruitful zeal and pains which they have devoted to the scientific study of the native American tribes have won the admiration of learned circles in the Old World. No more sweeping indictment was ever brought against a nation than that which the late Helen Hunt Jackson has brought against her fellow-countrymen in her able summing-up of the case for the Indians—"A Century of Dishonour." And that her charges are not prompted by the romantic benevolence of a humane, warm-hearted woman, stirred to profound indignation by what she deemed wanton cruelties inflicted on a defenceless people by the greed of white settlers, the unscrupulousness of government agents and the bloodthirsty barbarity of frontier garrisons, is shown by the strong confirmation of every one of her assertions from living and reputable witnesses, as well as documentary evidence. Bishop Whipple, who has spent his life among the Indians, bore willing testimony to the truth of her narrative, which he complemented by a chapter from his own experience. The author of "The Massacres of the Mountains" has undertaken to unfold an important part of the record with strict impartiality, but his conclusions do not differ materially from those of Bishop Whipple and Mrs. Jackson. In recent years, however, there has been an appreciable change in the relations between the Indians and the United States authorities, and at present it may be said that on both sides of the frontier there is harmonious coöperation between those who have dealings with the tribes whether as missionaries and teachers, as students of language and folk-lore, or as agents of either government. For a number

of years past the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, has, in "Our Forest Children," treated the Indian question at once from an economic, philanthropic and scientific standpoint. The four volumes of that instructive magazine, which have been published, contain a mass of information as to the history, traditions, condition and prospects of the Indians not to be found in any other publication. We have already referred to Mr. Wilson's larger enterprise—"The Canadian Indian," and need only remind our readers that the first number of it will make its appearance next month. Mr. Wilson has been assured of literary assistance from qualified persons on both sides of the border, and there is good reason to hope that his venture will be in every sense a success.

The amendment to the Contract Labour Act, recently adopted by the House of Representatives, Washington, and which increases the stringency of the law prohibiting Canadians in the border towns from working in the States while having their homes in Canada, would doubtless be reasonable enough if the competition with citizens of the Republic resulting from the usage were more extended and more formidable. But the whole number of Canadians who have been availing themselves of opportunities of securing work across the boundary, without being obliged to change their domiciles, is necessarily too small to assume the character of an international grievance. There are a great many Canadians who go to the States for a part of the year, and, at the close of the labour season, return to Canada, while there are thousands upon thousands of Canadians residing in the States who have neither changed nor intend to change their allegiance. On the other hand, how many Americans are living in Canada on exactly similar conditions, and yet no one objects to them. In both these cases there is competition, and the difference between resident aliens and alien workmen who reside in their native land, is virtually (under the circumstances) of small importance. Of course, if the United States authorities are opposed to the practice, they are right in making the law so stringent that it will be more than a mere form.

THE CANADIAN OF THE FUTURE.

Under the head of "Expansion of Our Race," *La Minerve* publishes a long statement compiled by M. Rameau de Saint-Pere, a writer to whom French Canada is not a little indebted, in which the natural growth of our French Canadian fellow-citizens during the thirty years from 1851 to 1881 is contrasted with that of British Canada. The census returns are employed as the basis of this comparison, and M. Rameau endeavours to show that in the old provinces the ratio of increase of the French Canadian population has largely exceeded that of either English-speaking Protestants or English-speaking Roman Catholics. First of all, he deals with the increase of population as a whole, which from 2,312,916 in 1851 increased to 4,044,060 souls in 1881—or 75 per cent. Regarding the two nationalities as a whole, he finds that the British element increased during the same period 75 per cent. and the French 72 per cent. But the advantage which these contrasted ratios give to the English-speaking people of Canada is, he maintains, more fictitious than real, as the augmentation recorded was largely due to immigration. He then calculates the natural growth of the various elements, and calculates that in Ontario, while the British Protestant population increased at the rate of 105 per cent., the English-speaking Roman Catholics at 54, the French Canadians in Ontario showed an increase of 288 per cent. The total increase was 102 per cent. For Quebec, the rates were: Total 93; English Protestants, 31; English-speaking Catholics, 24, and French 60. In New Brunswick the total showed a rate of 66 per cent., the English Protestants 71, English Catholics 70, and the French 156 per cent. In Nova Scotia the rates were: Total, 59; English Protestants, 51; English Catholics, 70, and French, 73. From this showing, M. Rameau concludes that the French Canadians are the most solid and enduring element of our population—the people of the future.

Rameau has made a slight mistake in maintaining that the increase of the French Canadian element in Ontario, which is the most remarkable outcome of his exposition, was due to natural growth. It was assuredly almost entirely the result of immigration. A natural increase of 288 per cent is a little too tall even for our thrifty compatriots. No person denies that the French-Canadian is moral and steady, and that his habits are favourable to the growth of population. But a comparison based simply on those qualities is misleading. Indeed, the proverbial rebuke of all comparisons is not inapplicable to statements of this kind, which naturally tend to excite jealous rivalry and to provoke unfriendly retort. The Canadian people of the future will, we feel assured, be something very different from that ideal community which national vanity, whether French or British, Catholic or non-Catholic, is wont to contemplate in its forecasts. Of one thing we may be sure, however, that the more faithfully we do our duty in our generation to the country at large, to our own people and to ourselves, the more admirable will be the Canadian of the 20th or 21st century. But no man, however clever, can gauge, by taking thought, the development of a complex nationality like ours.

THE BRITISH NAVY--A RETROSPECT.

The visit to Montreal of some of the vessels of the "Queen's navy," one of them in command of Her Majesty's grandson, Prince George of Wales, suggests a retrospect that embraces many changes. It is worth recalling, perhaps, that it was on board a ship called the Prince George that our royal visitor's great-granduncle, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, swung his first hammock. She was a ninety-eight gun ship, under the command of the Hon. Robert Digby, Rear Admiral of the Blue. Like the Thrush, she had at that time (1779) been only lately built, and she had been named after the Prince of Wales. Those were still the days of "wooden walls," and we can imagine what a contrast, in more than material, she would have presented to the men-of-war of our own generation. It was a period of trouble and transition when this elder sailor prince of our royal house visited the shores of North America. Some of our readers can doubtless recall the years when he wore the crown and our gracious Queen was still the Princess Victoria. From his boyhood till his death he was at heart a sailor and the friend of sailors. But the service has undergone a wondrous transformation since William the Fourth was King. The art of shipbuilding has developed in a manner and to an extent of which His Majesty and his contemporaries never dreamed. Indeed, it may be said that the great warships of the present surpass the finest products of naval construction fifty years ago more than the latter surpass the greatest triumphs of the Tudor period. Though Henry the Eighth was the first to establish royal dockyards in England, the motherland did not lack forefathers were a sea-faring people. Even in Caesar's time there was the semblance of a fleet, and those who made their homes in Britain after the Romans retired were the boldest and most skilful sailors of their age. England had been no sooner united under a single sovereign than some plan of naval defence became necessary to repel ever fresh assailants. Alfred the Great was admiral of the fleet as well as king. The Cinque Ports are a memorial of the Conqueror's naval policy. Under his successors down to the accession of the Seventh Henry we read of great sea fights and of fleets of from 200 to 500 vessels. But the most of these were pressed into the King's service, and many of them were built abroad, or, if in England, by foreign craftsmen. It was customary to hire ships from the Venetians and other trading communities. Henry the Eighth invited mechanics and artisans to build and equip him a navy for his war with France. After a battle in which, though not without loss, the English fleet remained mistress of the sea, he caused to be erected that Great Harry, whose tradition is still unconsciously preserved in a familiar oath. Though

assigned a guage of 1,500 tons, it is generally thought by experts that 1,000 would be nearer the truth. A list is extant of the other vessels of the royal navy in Henry's time: Gabriel Royal (650 tons), Mary Rose (600), Barbara (400), Mary George (250), the Great Galley (800), John Baptist (400) and the Great and Less barks (250 and 180 tons, respectively) are its most noteworthy features. The Henry Grace de Dieu, or Great Harry, was built to replace the Regent, which was blown up with a French ship in the battle of the Bay of Brittany, already referred to.

William Harrison, in his "Description of England"—one of the most minute and yet comprehensive pictures of contemporary life ever written—devotes a chapter to the navy of Elizabeth just before the struggle with the Spanish Armada. Among Her Majesty's ships he mentions the Bonaventure, the Elizabeth Jonas, the Philip and Mary (a memorial of the previous reign), the Bull, the Tiger, the Lion, the Swallow, the Bark of Bullen (which commemorates her mother's family), and a number of other "great ships." The Mary Rose still survived, and it is worthy of mention that such names as the Dreadnaught, the Swiftsure, the Sanspareil were as familiar to Elizabethan as they are to Victorian sailors. But if the vessels bearing these names three hundred years ago and now could be placed side by side, what a contrast they would make! As yet, British men-of-war were of foreign build. Sometimes the very names, as in the first of the list just given, as well as the Bona Esperanza and the Bona Confidentia indicate the nationality of the builders. But whatever the ships were like or by whomsoever constructed, they were commanded and manned by as fearless soldiers and mariners as ever ventured into unknown waters. The Willoughbys, the Chancellors, the Frobishers, the Drakes, the Raleighs, and other great captains of that time, will be reckoned among England's worthies while England lasts. It was then that the colonial movement began. Then began that quest for a north-west passage which only found its solution in our own day, while, in frozen wastes of the arctic old world, two daring adventurers anticipated the fate of the still-regretted Franklin. With the accession of James, who was a man of peace, there was a lull in maritime adventure. But the seas swarmed with pirates, and to protect navigation and commerce ships of war had to be maintained. The merchantmen of that time were feeble craft—not over 400 tons, it is said. The East India trade made it necessary to enlarge their dimensions. In 1609 a vessel of 1,100 was built, and she went to sea fully armed. The number of the royal navy was doubled. The dockyards showed unusual activity, and the first great impulse was given to native shipbuilding. The Prince Royal, of 1,400 tons burden, Phineas Pett's first masterpiece, was deemed the naval wonder of her age. In foreign ports she was visited, as the Great Eastern used to be some years ago, by admiring crowds. The development of shipbuilding continued till, in 1637, the Sovereign of the Seas, "a monstrous vessel," as Evelyn records, "being, for burthen, defence and ornament, the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind," was sent afloat, carrying 100 brass cannons, registered at 1,600 tons, and an unrivalled sailer. For sixty years the Sovereign attracted the admiration of both Englishmen and aliens, and to the close of the last century no English ship could claim to be her superior.

But a new era in naval architecture was approaching, and the propulsion of ships through the water was no longer to be dependent on wind or oar. Wooden walls, moreover, were to give place to iron bulwarks. But these changes did not come in a day nor without strong opposition from the strenuous inertness of novelty-hating prejudice. As early as the reign of King James, even while Phineas Pett was engaged on his Prince Royal, inventive minds had conceived the possibility of urging vessels through the water by steam. But the proposal was laughed to scorn. Nearly a hundred years later—so slowly did the world learn to prize its best benefactors—Denis Papin, French by name, English by adoption, had the grief—for it absolutely killed him—to see his model of a ship-

propelling steam-engine destroyed by Weser boatmen, jealous of a possible rival. The idea was destined to triumph ultimately, though it was not till another century of weary waiting and many a disappointment had elapsed that the first steamboat was seen on the Thames. Years afterwards a famous English scientist staked his reputation on the conviction that steam would never carry a vessel across the Atlantic. Now, the days before steam locomotion on land and sea seem virtually antediluvian. Like opposition was made in high quarters to the proposed substitution of the screw for the paddle. It required half a century of demonstration to convince learned doubters of its practicability. But the screw carried the day at last. One of the miracles of the Old Testament is the making of iron to float. Thousands of pious believers in the marvel scouted the notion of building iron ships. But for years monsters, compared with which the Great Harry, the Prince Royal or even the Sovereign of the Seas would be mere lighter-boats, have derived their material from the mine, not the forest. By this time, indeed, had the old system continued, British oak would be a mere tradition. In his chapters on the warfare of science, ex-Principal Adams confines himself mainly to the religious obstacles to scientific progress. He might add a fresh chapter on the martyrdom to which inventors have been subjected from the rulers in their own domain through the jealous obstinacy of sheer old-fogeyism. At this moment the English press is doing honour to the memory of a man whom England's naval authorities turned away, though he brought them a gift of untold value. Ericsson was welcomed by an officer of the United States navy and, in gratitude, made the New World his home. But by the Washington Government he was treated with base ingratitude. In the New World, as in the Old, he fell a victim to Red Tape. Yet none contributed more than Ericsson to the salvation of the Union.

But the story of the British navy has a romantic, as well as an industrial side. Through all these changes, from the time when great fleets of little craft did battle for the Edwards and the Henrys, from the days of the Elizabeth Jonas (so-called in memory of rescue from the devouring wrath of the haughty Spaniard), of the Prince Royal and the Sovereign of the Seas to the régime of great armour-plated battle ships like the Inflexible, the Thunderer and the Colossus, the British tar, whether he served under a Drake or a Nelson, a Napier or a Seymour, has ever been true to his Viking blood and to "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Criticism may cast deserved reproach on administrations: the valour of England's sailors fears it not, and while in every sea her power is guarded by such defenders we need not be apprehensive for the safety of our Empire.

Sonnets.

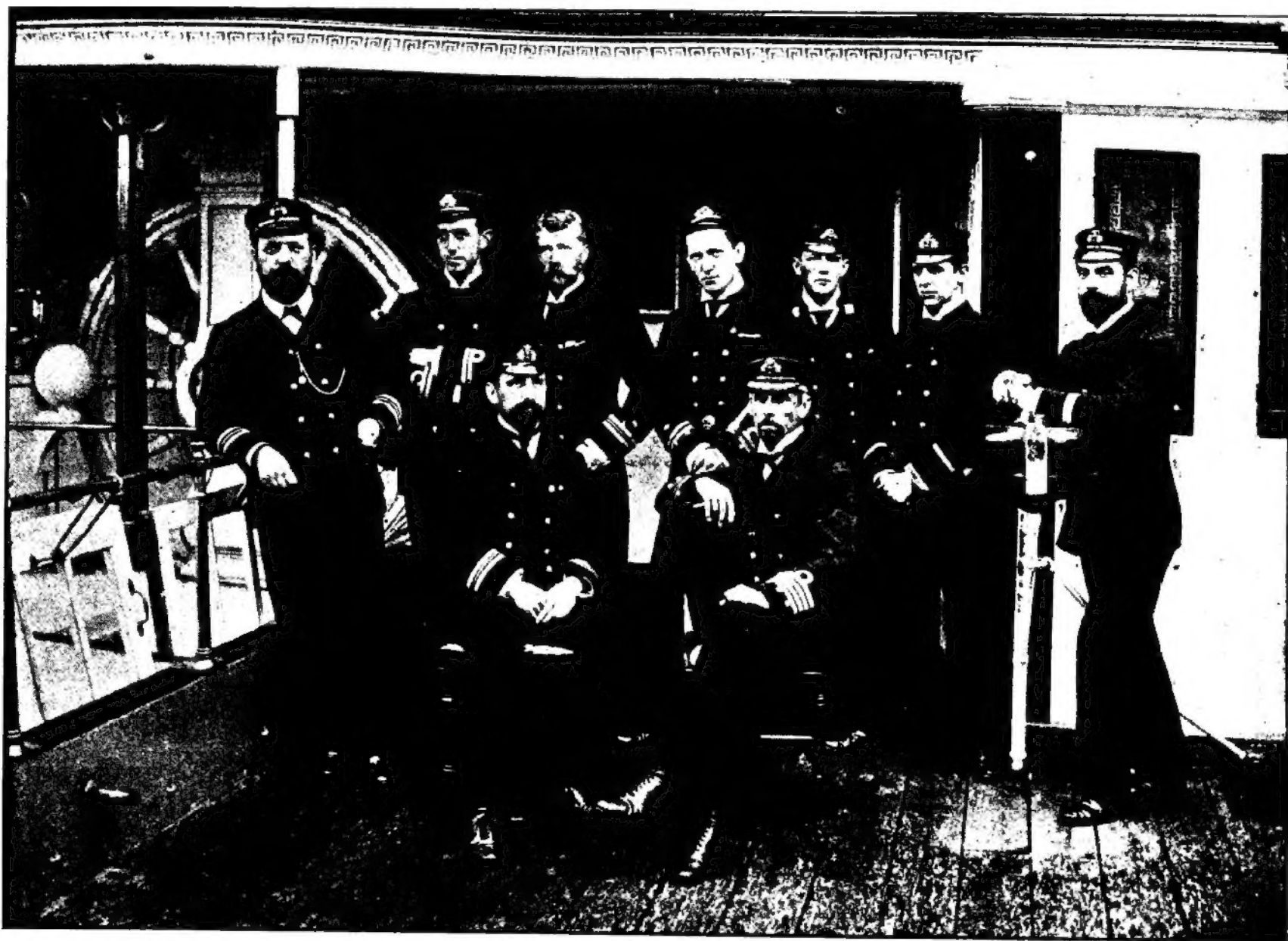
AT THE LAST.

In youth, a prodigal I leaped and played,
Profanely wanton in my sensuous joy.
Treasure, like that the father gave his boy
When he his substance most regardful weighed,
I took and squandered, as spent leaves the glade
Cast to the pools in autumn; then I drew
My famished, painful breath, and, groaning, knew
The far land's desolation. Lone, dismayed,
I looked around, and no help did I see.
"Oh, Thou, so wronged, let me return to Thee!
Lord, let Thy hand bread scant and bitter break!
Let the sun clearly set that brightly rose:
My morsels now I humbly thankful take,
And husband my spent taper at its close."

AFTERWARD.

Life's fever cooled in Death's reflux wave,—
When on our fainting brows have ceased to beat
Distempered suns; when travel-weary feet
No longer wander o'er Time's burning pave
Uncovered;—*this, 't is this*, we fain would have:
If, the long thirst appeased in that soft tide—
The yearning still'd—we come up satisfied
That this was mis-called *Death*, or that the *Grave*,
We shall not care. Nay, ceases Earth's lament
'Mid rapture's jubilant voices at the pitch
Of everlasting song! Calmly content,
Love flies to her abode, securely rich,
To bless her glad-eyed children purely bent,
Where frustrate hopes have to fruition come,
And our divine Ideal is at home.

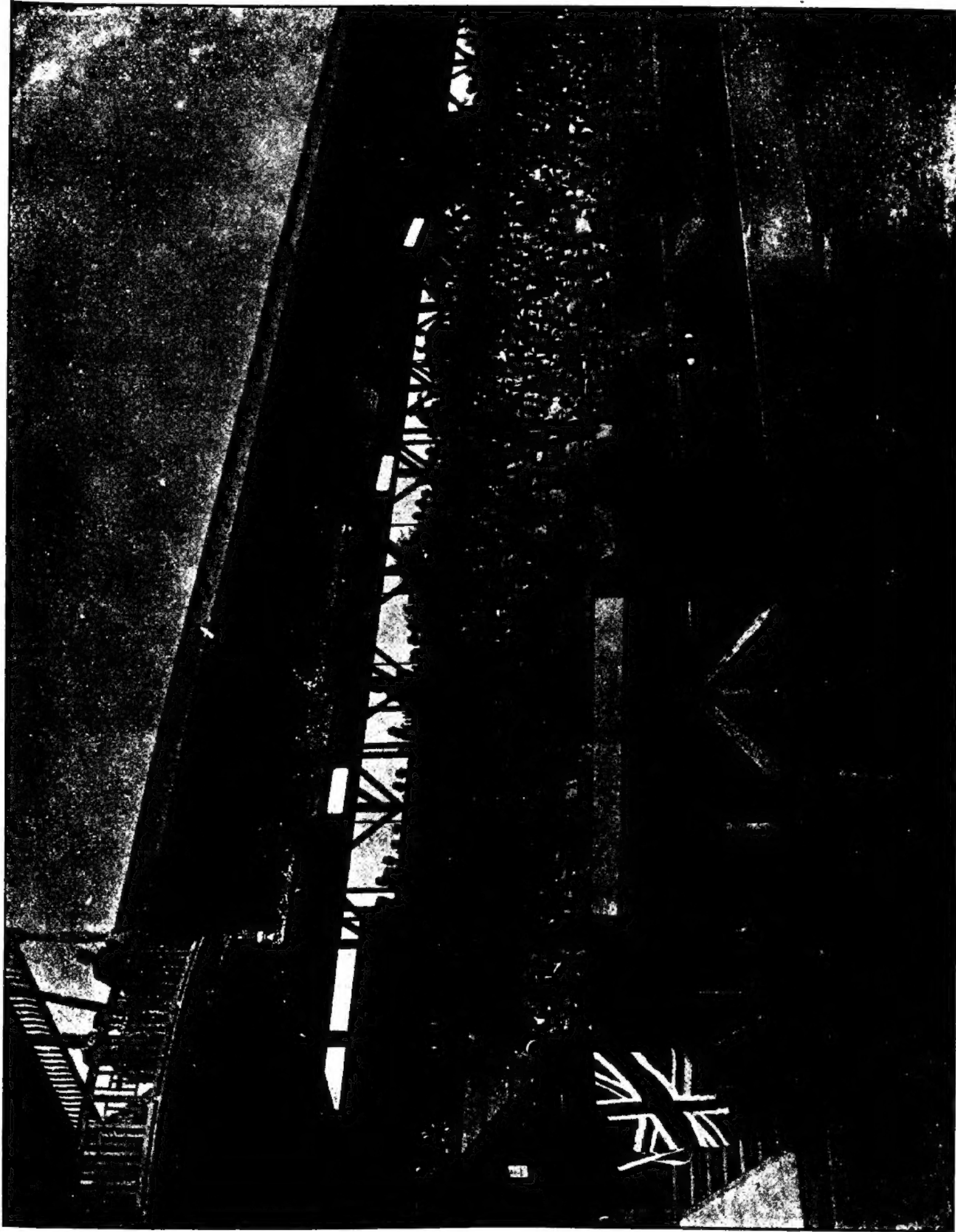
ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.



GROUP OF OFFICERS OF H. M. S. CANADA.



1. Ward Room H. M. S. Canada. 2. Ward Room H. M. S. Thrush. 3. Gun Room H. M. S. Canada—Middies at Dinner. 4. H. M. S. Canada. 5. H. M. S. Thrush.



H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE AND PARTY WATCHING LACROSSE MATCH ON M. A. A. GROUNDS, 10th SEPTEMBER, 1890.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

THIS WEEK'S ILLUSTRATIONS.—In this issue our engravings are devoted to the illustration of the visit of Prince George to this city. In connection with that event we present our readers with a number of views taken on board the Canada and the Thrush, so as to afford a general notion of life in the Royal Navy. Where these engravings consist of figures, they may be said to explain themselves, the nature and significance of the various groups being indicated by the titles appended to them. The personnel of the British navy consists, as most of our readers are aware, of two different classes of men—the seamen proper and the



marines. The officers of the former division are again divided into the military and the civil branches. The military branch is composed of flag-officers, commodores, captains, staff captains, commanders, staff commanders, lieutenants, navigating lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, chief gunners, chief boatswain's, chief carpenters, gunners, boatswains, carpenters, midshipmen and naval cadets. Flag-officers are of three ranks—rear-admiral, vice-admiral and admiral. Commodores and captains of the fleet are only temporary ranks. In small vessels the commander has chief control; in the larger he is chief of staff to the captain. The warrant officers of the navy answer to the non-commissioned officers of the army. The civil branch of the service consists of the engineer, the paymaster, (who is assisted by clerks), and various petty officers. The crew of a man-of-war consists of leading seamen, able seamen, engine-room artificers, leading stokers, stokers, coal-trimmers, boys and marines. Every division of Royal Marines has a force of 16 companies, with a colonel commandant,



second commandant, 4 lieutenant-colonels, 14 majors, 20 captains and 42 subalterns, including the divisional staff of instructors of gunnery, musketry, etc. There are also three generals, three lieutenant-generals and six major-generals on the active list. The entire Royal Marine numbers 48 companies of infantry, and 16 of artillery, giving a total of 2,532 artillery and 9,862 infantry. Besides the personnel just indicated, there are chaplains, medical officers, etc. The relation of military to naval precedence gives the advantage to the latter—colonels ranking with captains of three years' standing, lieutenant colonels with captains under three years, and so on, up to field-marshal who ranks with admirals of the fleet and down to second lieutenants, who rank with midshipmen. In naval construction a wonderful development has taken place in recent years. Some of our engravings show the most striking features in modern war-vessels. Others in our list of views reveal how the officers and men of Her Majesty's



navy pass their spare time. The remainder of our illustrations deal directly with the Prince's visit to Montreal, the ball, the lacrosse match, etc., to which occurrences fuller reference is made in the succeeding columns.

Visit of Prince George of Wales.

It is more than a hundred years since the people of Canada were first gratified by the advent on their shores of a prince of the royal house. It is noteworthy that the august visitor on that, as on the recent occasion, was an officer in the Royal Navy. Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, first entered the service in the year 1779 as a midshipman on board a vessel called the Prince George, a vessel which, like the Thrush, had only just been built. She was a ninety-eight gun ship, in command of the Hon. Robert Digby, Rear-Admiral of the Blue. In 1787 His Royal Highness landed at Quebec. He had already seen a good deal of the North American continent, and had at one time, while staying at New York, narrowly escaped seizure by the revolutionists. Four years later H.R.H. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of our Gracious Queen, arrived at Quebec, where he was a familiar figure for a considerable period. In 1860 Canada was delighted with the presence of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heir to the throne, who inaugurated the Victoria Bridge and laid the foundation stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. In the following year we had a visit from Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, Her Majesty's second son, and, like his granduncle, Prince William Henry, and his nephew, Prince George, an ornament of the "Queen's naves." His Royal Highness paid us a second visit in 1878. The years 1869-71 were signalized by the sojourn in Canada of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, who, with his consort, paid us another visit this year on his way home from India. In 1878 the Princess Louise arrived, with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, and remained long enough in the Dominion to make many friends and win wide popularity. In May, 1880, Canada enjoyed the privilege of a visit from the late regretted Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. Thus, altogether, during little more than a hundred years, Canada has had the honour of entertaining first the uncle, then the father, and, after a long interval, five of the children of Queen Victoria. And last week one of Her Majesty's grandsons was added to the illustrious list.

Prince George of Wales was born on the 3rd of June, 1865, and at an early age entered the Royal Navy. During the present year he was promoted to the command of the Thrush, a screw gun-boat recently built, of 1,200 horse power. On Saturday, September 6, the citizens' sub-committee which had charge of the reception to His Royal Highness appointed a deputation to go to Quebec to get the approval of the Prince. The following gentlemen were selected to wait on His Royal Highness: Aldermen Rolland and Villeneuve, of the City Council; Mr. R. D. McGibbon, Q.C., and Captain Campbell Lane, of the Citizens' committee, and they left for Quebec on Saturday evening, September 6. The deputation was courteously received by His Royal Highness, Admiral Watson and Flag Lieutenant Trowbridge on board the flagship Bellerophon, when the details of the reception were discussed, approved and adopted. His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston very kindly assisted the committee with his counsel and advice, and expressed his regret at being unable to visit Montreal during the week.

During the forenoon of Tuesday, September 9, the wharves of this city presented an aspect of unusual bustle and expectancy. A multitude of loyal citizens had assembled to witness the arrival of H.M.S. Thrush with her royal commander on board, accompanied by the gunboat Canada. The vessels in the neighbourhood of the Victoria wharf had run up their showiest bunting, the battery on St. Helen's Island had hoisted its flag of welcome, and from the top of the City Hall and the Harbour Commissioners' building flags floated gaily on the breeze. The Canada was first espied down the river, her bow bearing the Dominion standard, while the white ensign floated from the mizzen gaff. The deck was crowded with blue-jackets, with a sprinkling of red-coats, and the guns peeping out fore and aft left no doubt as to her character. When she reached the wharf an informal reception took place, among the personages sharing in it being the Hon. Judges Taschereau and Davidson, Sir Donald A. Smith, Lieut.-Cols. Houghton, Butler, Turnbull, Caverhill, Major Prevost, Capts. Howard, Campbell Lane, J. A. Strathy, Desnoyers, Chief Hughes

and Messrs. R. D. McGibbon, Q.C., D. Macmaster, Q.C., and G. McCrae, Q.C.

As the Canada cast anchor the Thrush hove in sight away down the river, and at 1.30 she was moored close to the stern of the Canada, the crowd extending a hearty welcome to her royal commander, which Prince George, who was standing on the bridge issuing orders and conversing with the pilot, acknowledged by raising his hat. As soon as the Thrush was in her berth the Prince went below, but a few minutes later, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, came along the gangway and on the wharf in order to get on board the Canada. As he passed along every head was uncovered and cheering was the order of the day. His Royal Highness, who was now attired in full naval costume, was observed to be like his father, the Prince of Wales. Of medium height and build, he has frank, blue eyes, fair hair and refined features, and is in every respect what is commonly called a good-looking man.

Whilst the Prince was on board the Canada, Mr. H. Bulmer, Mr. Richard White and Captain Howard, representing the Harbour Commissioners, were shown into the presence of His Royal Highness and Admiral Watson, to whom they extended a cordial welcome to the city. Prince George returned on board his own vessel at 2.45.

In the evening the civic reception took place at the City Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion under the supervision of Mr. Beullac. Flags, drapery and tapestry gracefully disposed, with mottoes and devices aptly interspersed, produced a harmonious and gratifying ensemble. The invited guests began to arrive about 7 o'clock, and at 8.30 an unusual animation at the doors indicated the approach of the Prince and his distinguished companion. The Mayor and City Clerk Glackmeyer led the way, followed by the officers of the fleet, who preceded the Admiral and his royal comrade, who were in turn followed by Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G., Lieut. Col. Mattice, B.M., the commanding officers of the various militia regiments, and a goodly representation of the other officers. The Prince, who was in full uniform, wore the blue sash and insignia of a Knight of the Garter, as well as several other decorations. The procession, as it made its way up the stairs to the City Council chamber, was greeted by the strains of the national anthem from the Harmony band, which was stationed in the corridor in front of the entrance to the conclave chamber.

As soon as the Admiral and the officers had taken up their places on the dais, the Prince being flanked on the one side by Admiral Watson and on the other by Lieut. Trowbridge, and when the civic delegation had formed themselves into a semi circle, the centre of which was occupied by the Mayor and the City Clerk, His Royal Highness read the address of welcome, to which His Royal Highness made a simple but suitable reply. After a brief lull, Mayor Grenier introduced the members of the Council, headed by Ald. Rolland, and afterwards the other citizens in the hall were duly presented. Refreshments were then partaken of and conversation indulged in, and after a stay of a couple of hours the Prince and his party left for the Windsor. The illuminations on the harbour were very fine, and attracted admiring thousands from all directions. The scene along the wharves was one of singular beauty and animation.

On Wednesday the Prince and his friends enjoyed themselves quietly. In the forenoon they had a short drive on the Mountain Park, on the return from which they took luncheon at the St. James Club, of which (as of the other city clubs) they had been made honorary members. Shortly before three o'clock the Prince and party drove out to the Montreal Lacrosse grounds and witnessed the exhibition of the national game given by the Montreal and Shamrock teams, the Prince exhibiting a lively interest in the



game. Mr. R. D. McGibbon, Q.C., vice-chairman of the citizens' reception committee, had the honour of dining with the Royal visitor and his companions at the Windsor in the evening, and afterwards accompanied them to the Academy of Music, where Miss Mather's representation of the "Honeymoon" was much enjoyed. The party—which comprised, besides Prince George, Admiral Watson, Lieut. Trowbridge, of H.M.S. Bellerophon; Lieut. Godfrey Faussett, H.M.S. Bellerophon; Lieut. the Hon.

Victor Stanley, H.M.S. Canada; Sub-Lieutenant Saunders, H.M.S. Thrush; Chief Engineer Steward, H.M.S. Thrush; Assistant Paymaster Dyer, H.M.S. Thrush; Lieut. Watson and Midshipman Streetfield, of H.M.S. Bellerophon, and Mr. McGibbon—were met at the entrance by Manager Henry Thomas, given a hearty welcome and escorted to the royal box. The visit had been unannounced, and but few of those present knew, until some time had elapsed, that His Royal Highness was in the house. Mr. Thomas had had neat programmes specially prepared for the party, the bill of the play having been tastefully printed upon fringed China silk. At the conclusion of the performance the Prince assured Manager Thomas of the pleasure that the performance had given him.

The great event of Prince George's visit was the ball at the Windsor Hotel on the evening of Thursday, September 11. The decorations, which had been placed in charge of Messrs. Beullac and Campbell, were a credit to those gentlemen and to Montreal. The corridors and reception rooms were tastefully set off with a wealth of the choicest flowers, so arranged as to magnify, by harmonizing, their charms of form and hue, while the fragrance of the tropics filled the air. The ball-room was, however, the *chef d'œuvre*. The lighting was splendid, and the display of flowers magnificent. At the west end of the room was a portrait of Her Majesty with national flags draped around it, and in front an illuminated welcome to the Prince.

The background of the dais in the north side of the room was formed of embossed crimson velvet, bordered on each side with gold flowers in relief, and in the centre the badge which is borne on the sinister side of the helmet on the arms of the Prince of Wales worked in gold. The chair that was assigned to the royal visitor was of curious wicker work, and on each side, amid the spreading fronds of the Pteris Tremula and the luxuriant foliage of Dracæna Indivisa, was placed a cannon. On the right and left a panel was formed of the most exquisite Goblin tapestry, which was recently imported by Mr. Beullac, and was the admiration of all connoisseurs. Immediately opposite the dais was the orchestra, on which like artistic skill had been bestowed. The rest of the decorations were in keeping with the foregoing, and the whole scene, with the exquisite costumes of the ladies and the uniforms of the different services, formed a spectacle of rare beauty and magnificence. At 9.30 the sounds of the pibroch announced the arrival of the guard of honour which was furnished by the Royal Scots. The detachment numbered 120 and was under command of Major Blacklock, Captain Cameron, Lieut. Cantlie and Lieut. Sims. They took up their position on the left of the handsomely decorated corridor and presented a very soldier-like appearance. A little later the command to present arms betokened the approach of the royal party, which was seen making its way towards the hall between the guard and the guests. Mr. Justice Davidson led the way; he was followed by H.R.H. Prince George of Wales and Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G.; then came His Worship the Mayor, Admiral Watson, Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.C., Lieut. Faussett, A.D.C., Flag Lieut. Trowbridge, Major Prevost, A.D.C., and a full representation of officers from the various city regiments, including Lieut.-Cols. Henshaw, Massey, Dugas, Turnbull, Caverhill and others.

THE SET OF HONOUR.

The hall having been reached, the Prince and party proceeded to the dais, where a kind of informal reception was held, some score or so of ladies and gentlemen being introduced. A few minutes' pause gave an opportunity of admiring the decorations of the hall, and the Gruenwald's orchestra started up the warning bars for the opening quadrille. Partners were secured and then the dancing began, the following being the set of honour:—

H.R.H. Prince George and Lady Hickson.
Mr. R. D. McGibbon and Miss Murphy.
Lieut. Trowbridge and Mrs. R. D. McGibbon.
Capt. Dowling and Mrs. Judge Taschereau.
Admiral Watson and Hon. Madame Lacoste.
Mr. Justice Taschereau and Miss Roy.
Lieut.-Col. Houghton and Miss Angus.
Lieut. Faussett and Miss Connor.

Dancing then went on in good earnest, and was kept up till midnight, when a procession was formed to the dining room. Among the ladies who had the honour of dancing with His Royal Highness were Miss Angus, Miss Bond, Miss Murphy, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. McShane, Mrs. Rowand, Mrs. R. D. McGibbon, and Miss Connor. The Prince took Lady Hickson into supper. The *menu* was a credit to the Windsor and its chef, and the serving, in charge of Steward Ebbitt, left nothing to be desired. There was little formality and no toasts were proposed.

Our lady readers will, no doubt, like to know something about the costumes. Lady Hickson wore a very handsome gown of white brocade moire, trimmed with rich old lace, the bodice being ornamented with iridescent embroidery of beads. She carried an exquisite bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Wurtel had on a train of black velvet and the petticoat was composed of rich white pearl embroidery; her daughter, Miss O'Brien, looked charming in white tulle and satin, ornamented with white moire ribbons and lilies of the valley. Miss Masson wore a simple white gown of satin, the skirt being covered with dewdrop tulle à la ballet and caught down here and there with garlands of lilies of the valley. The bodice, made of white satin, was trimmed with dewdrop tulle and lilies of the valley, and on the left shoulder a remarkably life-like butterfly was poised, looking as if it was about to fly away. The height of art

is to conceal it. Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney looked remarkably well in a gown suggestive of Paris and French combinations. It was composed of gold-colour satin (by the way gold colour still continues very popular) covered with a skirt of pale green net, that in its turn being covered with another skirt of gold-coloured net. These were covered at intervals with buttercups and stalks, and round the rim of the skirt was a row of the same flowers, looking as if they had been freshly culled from green pastures. The bodice, cut round, was draped with green and gold net, and buttercups trimmed it also. It will be seen that this had a very charming and novel effect. Mrs. Houghton's gown was composed of white moire and rich embroidery. Mrs. Clarence Lyman wore black satin with garniture of old gold satin. Mrs. Peterson looked charming in black silk and lace covered with rich black jet embroidery. Miss Marion Kilby, who has lately returned from New York, wore a fascinating gown of heliotrope tulle with panels of heliotrope moire. Miss Beatrice Kilby wore salmon-coloured silk covered with fish net of the same shade. Miss Grace Robertson wore black lace. Miss Angus wore a skirt of gold and blue figured satin covered with pale blue tulle, and ornamented with panels of figured gold satin. The bodice was of figured blue and gold satin, and this was one of the most charming costumes in the ball-room. Miss Elsie Angus looked well in maize-coloured tulle with white panels of moire ribbon. Mrs. Murphy wore a handsome gown of black silk. Miss Murphy wore pale blue silk covered with iridescent blue beads. Miss Dora McDougall wore pale blue silk and tulle with panels of white figured silk. Mrs. McGibbon looked very well in white silk, with handsome gold embroidery. Miss Dora McDougall had on a charming gown, composed of a skirt of pale pink satin, covered with moss green tulle; the bodice was of moss green velvet, and her ornaments were pale pink rose buds. Mrs. Van Horne wore an esthetic gown of smoke-coloured silk, slashed with pale pink silk. Miss Van Horne wore a pretty dress of light blue cashmere and silk. Miss Judah wore a dainty costume of white satin and tulle. Miss Cassils looked well in white satin and tulle. By-the-way, white is becoming very fashionable, particularly at balls of this description, where it forms a pleasing contrast to the naval and military uniforms. Miss Lizzie Scott wore a gown of pink and white satin covered with crêpe lisse. Miss Hall, the golden-haired belle of Sherbrooke, looked remarkably handsome in pink satin richly embroidered. Mrs. Hope wore buttercup satin covered with the same shade in crêpe lisse. Miss Galerneau wore a soft white and red China silk trimmed with velvet. Mrs. McShane had one of the most elaborate toilettes in the room, and, as usual, looked very well. It was composed of a heavy white embroidered silk train; the petticoat was of white satin richly embroidered in gold and the bodice was trimmed with fine old lace and embroidered thickly with gold. Round her neck she wore a magnificent row of diamonds.

Amongst the American visitors who came on expressly to obtain a view of a Prince of the reigning house of Great Britain were several who were very tastefully attired. One wore a smoke-coloured tulle gown made with many skirts and caught down with garlands of Gloire de Dijon roses. Another had on a moss-green tulle in something the same style.

The Prince seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly during his stay in Montreal. Among the points inside and outside of the city that he visited was the Forest and Stream Club at Dorval, where H.R.H. was received by Sir F. Johnson, Sir Donald Smith, Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. R. D. McGibbon. After lunch, at which Aldermen Villeneuve and Rolland, of the Civic Committee, were also present, the whole party proceeded to the races, which the royal sailor witnessed with zest. Friday was unhappily a day of gloom, and the Prince was obliged to remain in his rooms at the hotel. Before leaving the Windsor at 5.30 p.m. His Royal Highness assured the manager, Mr. Swett of the pleasure which he had derived from his visit, and of his extreme satisfaction with all the arrangements made to entertain him. He also expressed the same sentiments to Mr. McGibbon, vice-chairman of the Citizen's Committee, dwelling on his gratification at the cordiality of his reception and his warm appreciation of the manner in which the programme had been carried out. The officers and men of the Canada and Thrush were at no loss for attentions during their stay, and they all carried away, as they left behind them, very pleasant memories of their visit to Montreal. Sir Donald Smith has invited Admiral Watson to pay a visit to the Pacific coast next year by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Early on Saturday morning, September 13, both the warships weighed anchor for Quebec, attended by the good wishes of all classes of our population.

Our Illustrations.

We are indebted to Mr. G. R. Lighthall, N.P., and Mr. R. C. Holden for a great number of the views reproduced in this issue, some of which, it might be mentioned, are from "flash" photos.

OLD CHURCH FLOORS.—Church floors present many interesting details. In York Cathedral, on the pavement, there used to be certain stones that marked the places where the leading personages were to stand in ceremonials. In Westminster Abbey there used to be a straight line of small stones in the middle of the paved floors to enable processions in the centre of the ambulatories, portions of which may still be traced.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A Day in Quebec.

Fired with the desire to see something of the old city of Quebec, Slowbridge and I started from Murray Bay by the night boat. The September moon threw its silver track across the wide stretch of water, and made us content to sit silent on the deck and dream, until the crisp wind grew colder and we sought our cabin for a night's rest; but the rest would not, could not come. There were distant cries from the boat's crew, close groanings from the boat's screw; the rat-tat-tat—rat-tat-tat of the window, more constant in its complaining than Poe's persistent raven.

Tucked in my warm red winter cloak, I listened miserably to Slowbridge's shiverings from the upper berth, Slowbridge's beseeching call through the cabin door, "Stewardess—stewardess, I want another blanket," repeated again and again in most pleading accents, but in vain. No stewardess was to be found, no extra blanket forthcoming; and presently, wrapped in day's discarded garments, which had given the cabin walls a wonderfully gay appearance, Slowbridge sank into a righteous rest, leaving me widely awake to all the weird noises of the boat's passage through the night, the turmoil incident to "making the wharf" or, as it seemed to my strained fancy, "not making the wharf." But then something grey appeared—the delicious dawn—and after a cup of tea, a slice of bread, for the barter of twenty-five cents, we sallied forth and sought the door behind which Howells had stayed, through whose room we had wandered before with Kitty.

After securing a comfortably cushioned *calèche*, Slowbridge and I started on our tour of inspection, driving along the level St. Louis road, through the lovely, winding, wooded avenues of Spencer Wood, while *Caléché*, with a wave of his whip, pointed out the places of peculiar interest. Here was a vacuum which had before been filled by the old house built in 1632, the house in which General Montgomery's body was laid out, and which house had just been carried off for exhibition in the World's Fair to be held at Chicago. There was the monument erected to Wolfe's memory on the very spot where he fell that fateful 13th of September. Was there not something more than heroic in the nature of that man who, while he would rather have written "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard" than have taken Quebec, could live and die such a soldier?

Coming by the Coves, we could see "Wolfe's Tramp"—a narrow, perilous pathway, now made picturesque by the luxuriant growth of trees on either side—while *Caléché* jerked a grimy finger in the direction of the river to attract us to the Billy-ruffin anchored in the middle of the current, in a line with the Thrush and the Canada.

We were rowed over to the Bellerophon later, to look in silent wonderment at guns and cannons, conveying nothing to our feminine intelligence, but the fact that they were fabricated for human destruction. We turned with more eagerness, more interest, to the mess-rooms, where, after their mid-day meal, the sailors were enjoying a "stand-off" afternoon. For the most part the men were spending their "stand-off" time in sleeping, there were so many unconscious figures there, stretched at full length on the boards, with a stool, a black-looking bag or a pair of brawny arms for the head's resting place. It made a mysterious picture to the unaccustomed observer—the dim light, the red gleam from the ranges, the mammoth guns, looking like dread demons, and that congregation of sunburnt, bare-footed sailors. There were cards being played in one corner, a man near by penning a letter—how much there was for surmise here—another plying his needle, and here and there a man laying on his back engrossed in a dog-eared book.

Wishing to see the interior of the English Cathedral, and finding the doors fastened, we applied at the rectory for the keys, to meet with rigid refusal. "The doors were never opened before two o'clock; could not be opened before two o'clock," and the only satisfaction the woman would give us was that they were sometimes opened a little before!

Then we turned to the Roman Catholic church. No difficulty here to those desiring entrance. The sick, the sorry, the tired and the thankful, can creep in here at any time to whisper their prayers in the place consecrated to prayer, or idlers like ourselves can enter with reverential air as well as curiosity.

We had been told to go to the "Victoire" church, and so we found it, with its memorials of years. As you enter, to the right is this inscription: "1688, 1er Mai. Posé de la 1ere pierre par le Marquis de Denonville, Gouverneur; Innocent XI, Pape; Louis XIV., Roi de France."

After a morning which might stir much chivalrous feeling, we retraced our steps to that brass-plated door in St. Louis street, carrying with us prospective thoughts of hot "gulleys" and hotter coffee. While we were at luncheon an excited maid burst into the room, crying "The Prince is passing—the Prince is passing!"

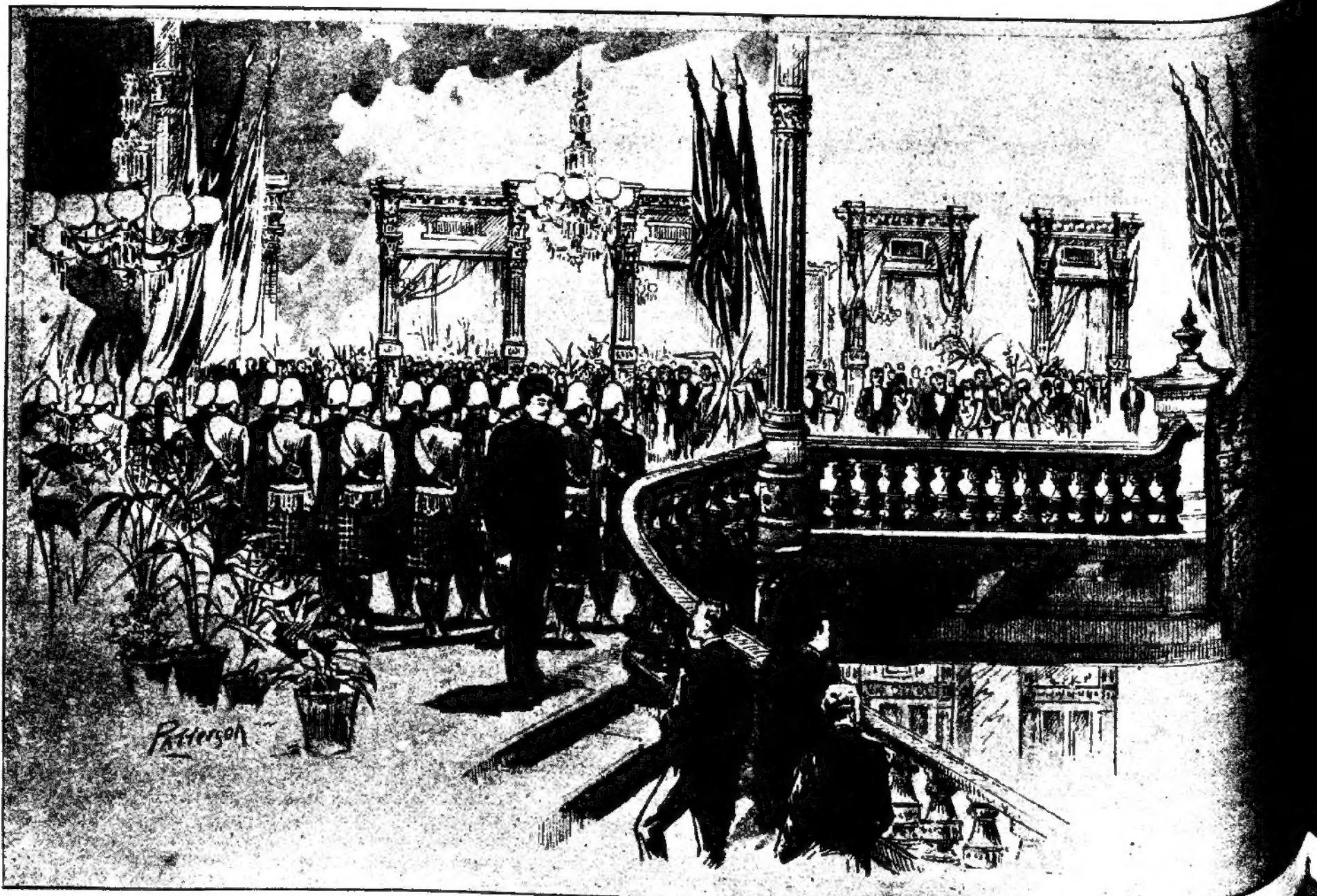
But, like the Charlotte of tradition, we, "like well-conducted maidens, went on eating bread and butter." The Prince had passed, and we had not seen him. Yet was there not solace in the thought that we could still picture him as the Prince of our baby books, our childhood's conception, with a halo of gold about his head—a glory not of earth, or sky, or sea around him!

MAY AUSTIN.

Montreal.



THE SUPPER ROOM.

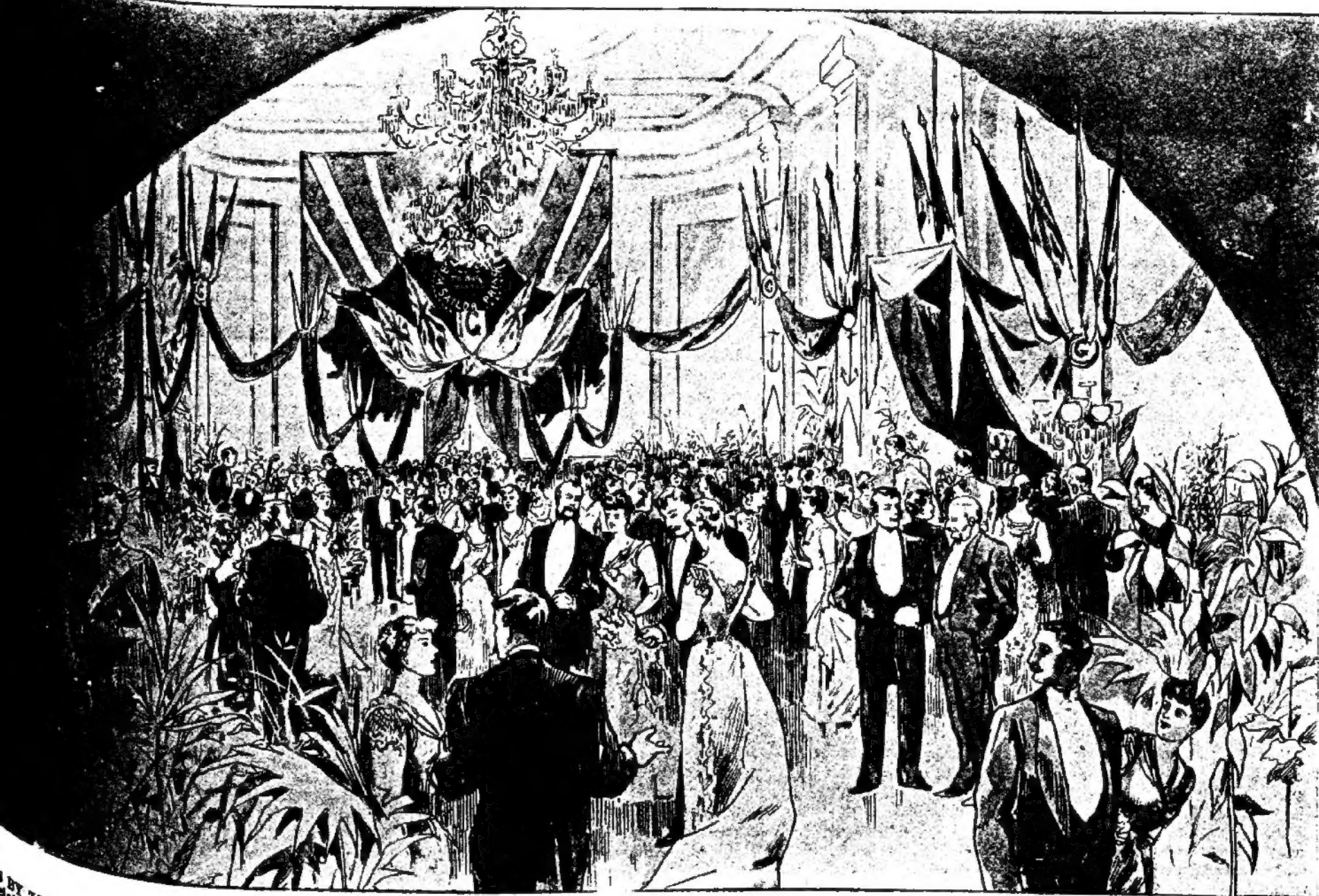


STAIRCASE AND CORRIDOR. Guard of Honor furnished by Royal Scots.

SCENES AT BALL GIVEN TO H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GLOUCESTER



A REST BETWEEN DANCES.



THE BALL ROOM.

BY THE CITIZENS OF MONTREAL, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1890.
(An Art.)

Sir Edwin Arnold at Home in Japan.

The day after my arrival at Tokyo I went up to renew my acquaintance with the author of that epochal poem, "The Light of Asia." I found Sir Edwin as genial as ever and as astonishingly full of vitality. He has been fortunate enough to rent the charming little bungalow of General Palmer, that curious combination servant of the Japanese Government and correspondent of an English newspaper—the *Times* itself. He had great difficulty in obtaining it—the Japanese do not like foreigners, however distinguished and friendly, settling in Tokyo, except in the quarter reserved for foreign settlement, and they will not give permission at all except to teachers and their own employees. Sir Edwin's Japanese landlord tried to get over this objection by saying that the poet was the guest of General Palmer. The government replied that guests did not pay rent, meaning the converse. So M. Asso engaged Sir Edwin as tutor to his daughters at the nominal salary of 600 yen—not quite a £100—a year. And Sir Edwin volunteered to correct the English of the history which M. Asso is writing. His duties as tutor consist in hearing these two charming Japanese girls play the koto charmingly, and conversing. I won't say flirting, with them in English. M. Asso puts on English attire when he comes to call upon his tenant (and employee), though he relapses into his own picturesque dress for comfort in the privacy of his home. One night however, being in a hurry, he appeared *à la* Japan, and apologised profusely for the æsthetic pleasure he conferred by what he considered a breach of ceremony.

Sir Edwin is nothing, if not Japanese, while in Japan. He was out when we arrived, but Miss Arnold kept us to tiffin, and, before I noticed his presence, he was standing over me with outthrust hand. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Sladen?" He had come in with stockinged feet, and through the wall.

The unanglicized Japanese always takes his boots off before he enters a house; to use Sir Edwin's graphic expression, "he does not make a street of his home," and the door is only *one* of his modes of entry, for the walls of his house are sliding panels of paper stretched on wooden frames, and to enter or go out he pushes back the most convenient panel. In a tea-house, as they call Japanese inns, people think nothing of pushing back a panel of your bedroom or bathroom and improving themselves by observing your *modus vivendi*. While you are in your bath women may watch you, and you may return the compliment. The Japanese cannot see any indecency in the inevitable functions of life.

Sir Edwin sleeps in Japanese fashion on a thick quilt "of the take up thy bed and walk" pattern, spread upon the floor at night and during the day rolled up into the sliding cupboard. Other furniture the room has none, except a cheap European camp washstand and two Japanese chests of drawers made of the characteristic white wood with pretty black iron-work mountings. To assist the washstand in promoting the march of civilization, a court-sword and a "blazer" were hanging from clothes pegs. The walls of his little bedroom—a mere closet like the Iron Duke's—are made of tissue paper panels with silver maple leaves powdered upon them and a clear glass strip at a height inconducive of propriety. Miss Arnold has a large handsome room, furnished in the European style, and giving the same evidence of its occupant's exquisite taste, as the little touches that have transformed General Palmer's drawing-room.

This drawing-room is a charming place. Surrounded on two sides by glass panels from floor to ceiling, and on the other two by an effective dado of brown plaster a couple of feet high at the top, and panels of gold and crimson-flowered paper below, the woodwork being fir, left in its native beauty, like the ceiling, which is supported in the centre by an unhewn cherry trunk. The Japanese give no better instance of their good taste than by the success with which they introduce natural woodwork.

It would not be Sir Edwin if there were no blossoming dwarf plum tree in a blue and white porcelain pot—the inevitable accompaniment of a Japanese house at this season of the year. And the revolving book-case in the corner is crowned with a model junk, kept in company by the New Year battle-axes and shuttles sent by those Misses Asso, who have such an illustrious tutor, to acknowledge the compliment of a box of San Francisco candies.

My old shipmate's (Sir Edwin's son's) residence in Australia is evidenced by a 'possum rug, and American civilization is represented by a stove. On one of the little occasional tables is a bunch of roses that have escaped the frost, for they have a garden and an artificial fuji commanding a view of the real Fuji towering, like a huge opal under the magic of sun and snow, forty-five miles away. Appropriately by the roses is Trübner's new edition of the "Light of Asia," a charming volume, except for the portrait, in which the masterful face of the photograph standing on an easel in the corner loses its strength and vitality, though full of intellect and sweetness.

Balanced on the soft firwood framework of the dado, I notice some of the bright silk padded figures of Japanese girls, familiar in the boudoirs of San Francisco.

"Those," said Miss Arnold, tracking the direction of my glances, "are our—seismometers, do you call them? I mean, they register the seriousness of an earthquake by the promptness with which they fall."

How pretty she looked as she sat there entertaining Henry Savage Landor and myself. An unusually becoming black tailor-made dress showed off to full advantage the clear dusky complexion of the mobile face and its clear

grey eyes, and the rich dash of auburn in the dark hair. Miss Arnold is not like the Queen. Unlike that august lady, she does not make a text of "The Private Secretary's" immortal announcement, "Do you know, I don't like London!" Living in this, to say the least of it, unconventional and inconveniently airy country, she does not sigh like Lasca's lover, "I want free life and I want fresh air." In fact her father's aspirations rather appal her. Sir Edwin says he could live in Japan, in fact, he thinks he will have to live in Japan, for the rest of his life. The land of the lotus has twined its tendrils round his Buddhist soul, and he feels as if he could stay and eat the lotus here till it is time for Nirvana. It is rest, rest, rest, and he longs for rest. He has had his fighting, thirty years of it, and shot eight thousand arrows from his editorial quiver. This is natural. But it is also natural for a pretty young girl to be thirsting for the fray in London, where conquests are made. They have got thus far towards a settlement of the question that they have the house on their hands till the end of March.

"See here, Mr. Sladen," says my host, drawing my attention to a rich, dark wood plaque, supporting a marvelously finished ivory cock, fashioned out of an odd chip that a European carver would have cut up or thrown away, "like the unhewn cherry trunk which supports our ceiling and the thousand and one bamboo curios, it illustrates the curious faculty the Japanese have for utilizing every suggestion of the picturesque which Nature offers. They do not subdue her, but make an ally of her."

What a pleasant place this drawing-room was. If too sunny, there were gold silk curtains to draw round the two glass walls; and, for wintry weather, there ran round the outside a sun-gallery, such as one sees in the abbot's lodges in Cluniac abbeys.

"I'm so thankful that we managed to get a furnished house," said Miss Arnold to me. "Papa's idea is to take an unfurnished house and to buy things just as one wants them. He feels hungry and goes out to buy eggs. When they come to table, he remembers that they want cups and spoons, and rushes off to get them."

"Well, how did you manage to hear of it?"

"Oh! Captain Brinkley mentioned it in the *Japan Mail* that we were anxious to get a house if we could find one to suit us, and General Palmer saw it that very day. He was anxious to leave it and we to have it. So he just walked out and we walked in. The first thing I did was nearly to kill myself by keeping the shibashi (charcoal hand-stove) in my bedroom. When my father called me in the morning, there was no answer, and he came in and found me speechless."

"How do you manage about housekeeping?"

"Oh! it's very simple. I tell our major-domo. Neither the cook, nor the cook's wife, nor my maid, nor my rikisha man, nor the gardener, can speak a word of English."

"From our little Fuji," struck in Sir Edwin, "we can look over the whole of Tokyo, a city as large as London, in extent of ground, for it consists so much of little one-floored cottages and embraces so many noble parks. Should not this be a lesson to us in laying out great cities?" And he continued, "You could lose yourself in a hundred different parts of it, if you go out slumming, and be perfectly safe in all of them. Think of that compared to Paris or Vienna, though it must be confessed that this is owing partly to the utter indifference of the Japanese. I had a drive the other day from one point in the city to another—eight miles. I went to a Japanese banquet given in my honour at the Maple Club in the park at Shiba. There were eight of the Ministers there. I like the Japanese food very much. I can eat everything—raw fish, sweets and fish together—anything. I like 'saki.' I can drink any quantity of it without a headache. I'm not sure if I have a digestion; I have never had any evidence of it. I attribute part of my success in life to this, as my friend Gladstone does. I observe one precaution which Gladstone tells me he always takes. I eat very slowly and talk a good deal between. Gladstone thinks slow eating the mother of good digestion. He bites everything 25 times before he swallows it. Another thing is that in early life I carried out the Greek idea and practical *gymnastike* as well as *mousike*. You know the senses in which the Greeks used these words of physical and intellectual training. My Japanese servants amuse me a little, but I am charmed with them. Yesterday being New Year's Day, my cook's baby, who is only three years old, toddled up and made a full Japanese bow, grinding its nose on the ground, and said: 'At the beginning of the year, on the first day, I wish you great prosperity.'

"Miss Arnold's maid is a sweet little thing; she has delightful manners, only she talks no English, and the only word of Japanese my daughter knows is 'shibashi,' which she uses like a Japanese, or the poor Italians with their 'scaldini,' and then he clapped hands in the Asiatic fashion, and the pretty dusky little creature appeared, attired in a graceful 'kimono.'

"I like Tokyo," Sir Edwin continued. "Here at Imaicho it is the true *rus in urbe*. We are in the country, though we are in one of the five greatest cities in the world. We are surrounded by bamboo groves and pleasure grounds. We have the purest rural atmosphere, though we are in a city of a million and a quarter inhabitants. We have our lotus pond, our roses, our camellias, our palm trees. Outside our gates there are Shinto temples and fortress walls, and in a month or two the whole district will be white with cherry blossoms. Here I listen to my pupils playing the koto and samasen, and re-

vise my master's (Inspector Asso's) Japanese History. I am a tutor, you know, and the bishop himself would not be permitted to reside here unless he called himself a school-master. My *ménage* consists of my major domo and my cook, my cook's wife, his baby, my gardener and my 'rikisha' man, and my daughter's maid. The cook gives in his accounts every day with an 'abacus' in a newly washed blue coolie dress with a big red dragon on his back. He is splendid at fish. His name is Nakashima. Then come Watanabi and Shuzo. Just now they are all in their glory in their new blue New Year's clothes ornamented with storks. My gardener's name is Sazuhikanzo. I call him the Ace of Spades, because he reminds me of it with his little hoe. He makes my bath ready in a huge wooden tub on a grated floor. The Japanese parboil themselves every day. The little maid's name is Yoshidatori—a pretty smiling little thing, the daughter of a Samurai. She never comes in without a beautiful Japanese salute. She has her hair dressed twice a week with marvellous pins, and has the front part of her hair, when it is stiffened up with the composition, made into a kind of 'fuji' on her brow. She used a Makura—the funny little Japanese pillow with its two little drawers, and when she is dusting, covers her head with one of the quaint blue cotton Japanese towels. She answers everything with a respectful 'kashko marimashta' (I have assented). She is very timid of earthquakes. During that bad one we had the day before yesterday, which lasted six minutes, she ran in to my daughter. She says 'the more you know of earthquakes the less you like being left alone with them.' At 8 a.m. Otorisari wakes me drawing back the slides and pushing in early breakfast and a fire-box. The cook's wife plays ball and target.

"We have had our gates decorated for the New Year with 'Kadomatsu'—grass, paper, seaweed, a lobster, an orange, etc., for luck and goodwill, and also with Japanese flags."

And then we went off to lunch—Sir Edwin and Miss Arnold, that brilliant grandson of a brilliant grandfather, Henry Savage Landor, the artist, Mr. and Mrs. Penny and myself. The dining-room, which is also Sir Edwin's study, is a long plain room with a sun-galley running down all one side of it, and a recess at the end containing a library table and ornamented with a "kakemono" (scroll with a figure painted on it). Lunch, with the exception of having "saki" served and Japanese biscuits on the table, was a very handsome European one. Sir Edwin does not inflict his enthusiasms on his friends. I sat next to Miss Arnold, but I am afraid she found me very poor company, for I could not help listening to the cascade of brilliant conversation which poured from her father's lips. Talking of Japanese history, he said that Hideyoshi was something more than a great hero—for to him, with his friends, the Buddhist priests, we owe that custom of solemn tea-drinking which has given to Japan her architecture and to the western world that most inestimable boon, the use of tea. Sir Edwin himself drinks 80 or 90 cups a day in Japan. As his daughter could not work up to his own concert pitch of enthusiasm about this country, he thought of writing to her a ballad in F sharp—"Ask me not to quit Japan." He had an argument with Mr. Penny, made irresistibly droll by Landor, who knew nothing of the subject, but sees the ludicrous in everything, as to how far it was a Buddhist doctrine that men send themselves to heaven and hell and used the expression "we Buddhists." Then he flew into the drawing-room for a minute and returned with a Japanese book, from which he read us a little Japanese poem of five lines. Then he championed the extraordinary doctrine that children are no relation to their parents, but that the wandering soul finds its family among the souls which suit it best; generally, however, finding the souls of its parents suitable,—and passed on to the doctrine of Pangenesis.

"I feel," said Sir Edwin, suddenly changing the subject and stretching himself with a sigh of relief, "like a bird escaped from its cage. I shall never go back. Not that I feel that I am growing old. I am three years off sixty yet, and my mother lived to be ninety-one, and climbed a five-bar gate the day she died. She only died last year—God bless her—the same day as my sweet wife. My father never knew a day's illness until, to use that fine Japanese phrase, 'he condescended to die.' We Buddhists neither hope nor fear. Earthquake or banquet is the same to us. At death we say—'Pay the bill you must. Dear Brother, it was cloudy when you were with us, but now it is all sunshine.'"

"My philosophy, Sir Edwin," I said, "is tacking. I sail on a tack with all sail crowded on until the wind dies away, and then I don't repine or wait for the wind to come back, but stand away on a new tack."

"What do you do if you miss stays?"

"Be as plucky as I can and watch for the ship to right herself."

Sir Edwin's pretty young girl pupils had been acting to him the whole range of Japanese salutes—ladies saluting their equals, their inferiors, and their superiors, and people whose relative rank to their own was doubtful, or a matter to be disputed. He asked them if, honestly, women were treated well in Japan.

"Not sufficiently well, but not brutally—with indifference," was the reply.

"You are better than men," retorted Sir Edwin gallantly. "Why should you be treated worse?"

"For two reasons, from babyhood we are taught submission and taught to conceal our feelings."

Sir Edwin then talked of the relative work of Shinto,

Confucianism and Buddhism, and confessed how he was struck with the grave politeness of Japan and how clumsy he found himself in trying to attain to it.

Sir Edwin had been at a fancy dress party for children the day before, at which most of the foreign Ministers were present, and, after the children had done, the spirit suddenly moved all the big wigs to plunge into their games, such as ring and rope, at which they behaved much worse than the children had done.

We had, among other dishes, copper pheasant, and Sir Edwin sent into the drawing-room for a vase of its tail feathers to show us how curiously they imitated the joints of the bamboo groves, in which the bird makes its habitation, bearing out the Darwinian theory of defenceless creatures assimilating their appearance to their surroundings.

Henry Landor, with old Walter Savage's spirit, took exception to Sir Edwin's theory that one should not wear boots in the house. He didn't see the use of a floor one could not use, and I said that I had concluded to wait for wings before I gave up boots. Then, with the ladies still at the table, Sir Edwin brought cigars, and feeling the soothing influence of the magic weed, he remarked:

"Japan is to me a soft tonic. Fancy the delight of finding a place where they have never heard of the Irish question." This drew from Landor the suggestion that perhaps Gladstone might find a fresh tonic in Japan in cutting down houses instead of trees—perfectly feasible where they are made of wood and paper as they are in Japan. "They call this the heathenish East," he said, "and yet they can do without doors or furniture, and do not make streets of their homes."

"The music of the Tom Tom is by no means to be despised," retorted the irrepressible heir of the genius of the Florentine Diogenes.

Sir Edwin parried it with a good-humoured smile, and, perhaps, a veiled sarcasm. "Japan is so infinitely reposeful for lovers of good manners. The Japanese peasant lives in an atmosphere of Buddhism without thinking about it, just as the American workman lives in an atmosphere of science, travelling in electric cars along streets lit with electric light, and using complicated machinery in his work, often without any knowledge of any of them beyond the mechanical part of his own work," and getting on to the subject of Buddhism, Sir Edwin said that the most Buddhist book in the world was the New Testament, as instances citing the texts, "Are not three sparrows sold for one farthing, etc.," and "The Kingdom of Heaven is near unto you, near unto your very souls."

Before we took our leave he allowed me to copy his very latest poem, which has never before been published. It is a translation of the little Japanese dodoitsa:

"Kadomatsu wa
Meido no tabi no
Ichi re zuka
Medeto no ari
Medeto no nashi."

Sir Edwin Arnold's translation is as follows:

"The gateway pines we place
Are milestones of life's road,
Marking the stages past
And glad the way for some
And sad for some the way."

I am glad to be able to give it to the world in the columns of this journal.

How sorry we were to take leave of this great poet and fascinating personality, as happy, to use his own phrase, as a bird escaped from its cage, in his Japanese home, leading the lotus-life of Japan with no effort except that of learning how to lead it in the native way. Here was the spectacle of the man who acclimatised Buddhism in England by his great poems and his teachings and speakings, revelling in that wondrous Eastern Garden, in the land of the Rising Sun, where Buddhism has acclimatised itself so strikingly. If I can only impart to your readers one tithe of the pleasure I found in renewing my acquaintance with Arnold in his new home, these notes will not have been written in vain.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Men and Matters In Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

The past week has been crowded with fashionable weddings, a couple of which in different parts of the Province attracted exceptionally brilliant gatherings to witness them.

At St. Luke's church, Toronto, the high contracting parties were Mr. Arthur H. S. Van Koughnet and Miss Edith Smith, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, who is a sister of Mrs. J. H. Morrison, of this city. Only intimate friends of the respective families were present, but their numbers crowded the church. Mr. Charles Walker, of the Dominion Bank, was the groomsmen. One of the most lovely women in the church was Mrs. George McKinnon, of Montreal, who was the last of the Van Koughnet girls to be married. The family of the late Salter Van Koughnet, Q.C., meaning especially the girls, were famous in society for their beauty. All the weddings in the family were highly fashionable events.

At Guelph was celebrated the nuptials of Mr. Thomas A. Lenfestey, of Cairo, Ill., and Fanny F. Dixon, daughter of Archdeacon Dixon, of the Royal City. Miss Kate Clarke, of St. Catharines, acted as bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride.

At All Saints' Church, Hamilton, Mr. Frederick Clarence Jarvis, son of the late Sheriff Jarvis, of Toronto, and

Miss Mary Ethel Stewart, daughter of the late C. E. Stewart, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rural Dean Forneret, assisted by Very Rev. Dean Geddes and Rev. Mr. Bridges, of Lakewood, N.J., brother-in-law of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Mabel Stewart, sister of the bride; Miss Atkinson, of Chatham; Miss Amy Mason, of Toronto; Miss Kate Mills and Miss Annie Lindsay, of Toronto.

At Guelph took place the wedding of Mr. James Scott, jr., and Miss Jennie Guthrie, daughter of Donald Guthrie, Q.C., M.P.P. The event came off in Chalmers church. The guests came from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Woodstock and other places. The bridesmaids were Miss Scott and Miss Brodie, of Toronto; Miss Hobson, Hamilton; Miss Evelyn Guthrie, of Guelph. The groomsmen was Mr. George R. Hoffee, of Wilmington, Delaware. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. H. MacVicar, D.D., uncle of the bride. A grand reception was subsequently held at the Guthrie residence.

A commendable movement has just been started by some of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists, the object of which is to have a permanent gallery and sort of club room for the society. It is possible that an arrangement will be made with Mr. J. Enoch Thompson either to join his gallery with that of the O. S. A., or to take it over altogether for and in the name of the society. The benefits which this would bring can be estimated from the results of what have come from the gallery in connection with the exhibition closing this week. The artists were united in their effort to make their control fruitful of success, and they succeeded beyond their expectations. Some of the pictures already exhibited attracted as much notice as if they were new and had never been talked of before. Among these were Mr. Bell-Smith's "Dulse Gatherers" and "Cape Trinity," and his patriotic pictures of Rocky Mountain views, and George A. Reid's "Mortgaging the Old Homestead" and "The Other Side of the Question," as well as several of Mr. Sherwood's, Mr. Revell's, Mr. Verner's, Mr. Homer Watson's, Mr. Matthew's and Miss Mary McConnell's. Mr. J. W. L. Forster exhibited two portraits. Mr. Robert D. Gagen would do well to take his cue from Mr. Bell-Smith and lean more towards patriotism in his art. Mr. M. Hannaford showed several praiseworthy landscapes, one or two of which were not up to his high standard. Miss Mary McConnell, who is a devotee at the shrine of art, has met with unequivocal success. Her portraits are excellent. She will yet do great things.

Rev. Edward Lloyd, the new professor of classics in Trinity, is a gentleman who has already won popularity in the university. He is endowed with a great many social graces; he is, as a scholar eminently suited to the position; being an apostle of muscular Christianity, he is more than a favourite with the students; in short, Trinity likes him as well as he seems to like Trinity. Mr. Lloyd is a first-class honours man of Cambridge, and has been engaged in educational work in Japan.

The recent judgment of Mr Justice Rose on the St. George's bridge accident case of Knight and others against the Grand Trunk Railway created, it is safe to say, more public interest than any judicial decision delivered in Osgoode Hall within several years. Usually the press is the medium for the conveyance of important legal news to the people; but here, when the judgment was delivered in the morning, its effect was known and talked about on the street and even at the fair grounds an hour later. While the decision is a great disappointment to many, since it almost inevitably means a second performance of the most tedious and wearisome trial known to the majority of Toronto lawyers, still the clearness of the learned Judge's analysis of the evidence, or rather of the answers of the jury to the questions which, after his charge, he left them to solve, the concise form of the judgment itself, all combined to stamp this judgment as a celebrated and remarkably able deliverance.

The fall meet of the Hamilton Bicycle Club was largely and fashionably attended. An excellent programme was well contested. The prizes were distributed by the Countess of Aberdeen.

On Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the return visit of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen to the Industrial Exhibition, Sir David and Lady MacPherson gave an "At Home" at Chestnut Park, the beautiful family mansion. Mrs. Banks, the daughter of the house, assisted Lady MacPherson to receive. This is the first hospitality at Chestnut Park since the return of the family from England.

The general public and the graduates of Toronto University throughout the Dominion will be glad to learn positively that the University building is to be restored without any change in the general external appearance.

The extremely impressive ceremony known as "taking the veil" is always of the greatest interest to Catholics. Last week at Loretto Abbey this ceremony was witnessed by a large assemblage of clergy and lay spectators. The Archbishop of Toronto delivered a touching address to the young ladies before they assumed the religious garb. The candidates were Miss Long, of Collingwood, Sister Mary Irene; Miss Ulm, Chicago, Sister Mary Agnes; Miss Gumprecht, Germany, Sister Mary Gertrude; Miss Farrelly, Lindsay, Sister Mary Pulcharia; Miss Barry, Ottawa, Sister Mary Dorothea; Miss Lacy, Egansville, Sister Mary Benigna; Miss Phelan, Walkerville, Sister Mary Felicitia.

The Penwell murder trial is now the absorbing topic in Ontario. The newspapers of this country, the United States and England have made special and elaborate preparations for reports of the evidence. The admissions

issued to the court room are few, almost confined to the jurors, the lawyers and the reporters. Birchall, the prisoner, is looking cheerful and well, and his lawyers say that he has no fear but that his innocence will be established. The defence will rely largely on the incomplete testimony which the prosecution is expected to bring forward. Since the arrest of Birchall his friends have had private detectives at work on the case testing the strength of every link in the evidence brought forward before the commitment for trial. The preliminary expenses of the defence even up to the present time have been enormous, but it is said that Burchell's relatives in England are wealthy enough to stand it.

The famous Toronto yacht Aileen on Saturday last met a mishap which almost proved disastrous. Mr. G. T. Blackstock and Mr. T. G. Blackstock were returning with her from Port Dalhousie when they were struck by a squall. Mr. G. T. Blackstock's skill averted a capsize, but the mast and boom were broken off short, and all the rigging and canvass went overboard. The dismantled Aileen was towed to Toronto by a passing steamer.

The Ontario Cabinet has been reconstructed, and the reconstruction is neither a surprise nor a disappointment. Though the party papers said not a word on the subject till the proper time had arrived, yet the public had more than a suggestion as to who the men would be. The *Montreal Gazette* a month ago named correctly every man in this Cabinet. Mr. Bronson, of Ottawa, Mr. Richard Harcourt and Mr. John Dryden are all strong men, and their acceptability was well tested before Mr. Mowat positively declared the selections. The fact that Mr. Bronson is invited to a seat in the Cabinet without portfolio shows, in the general opinion, that his selection was publicly expected.

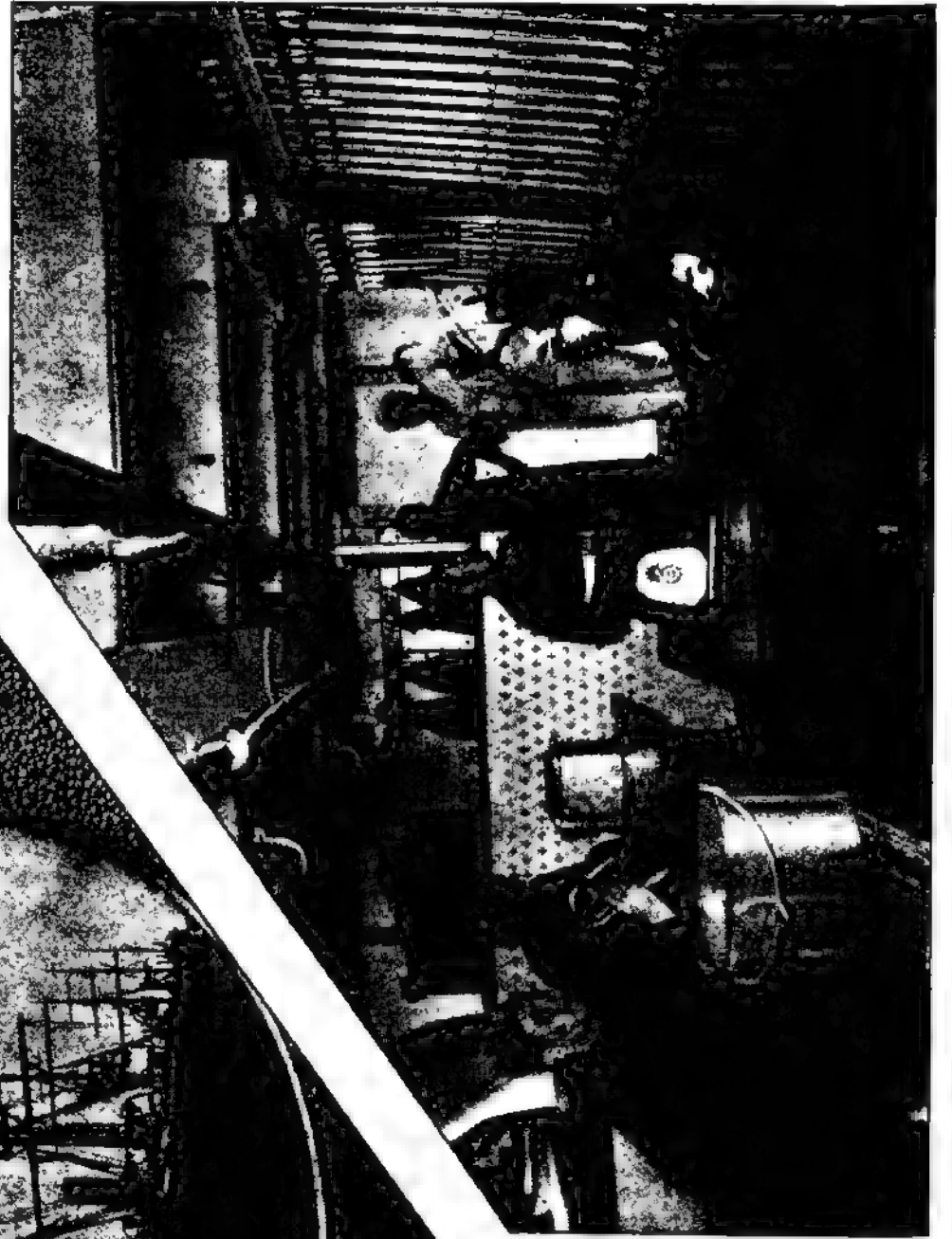
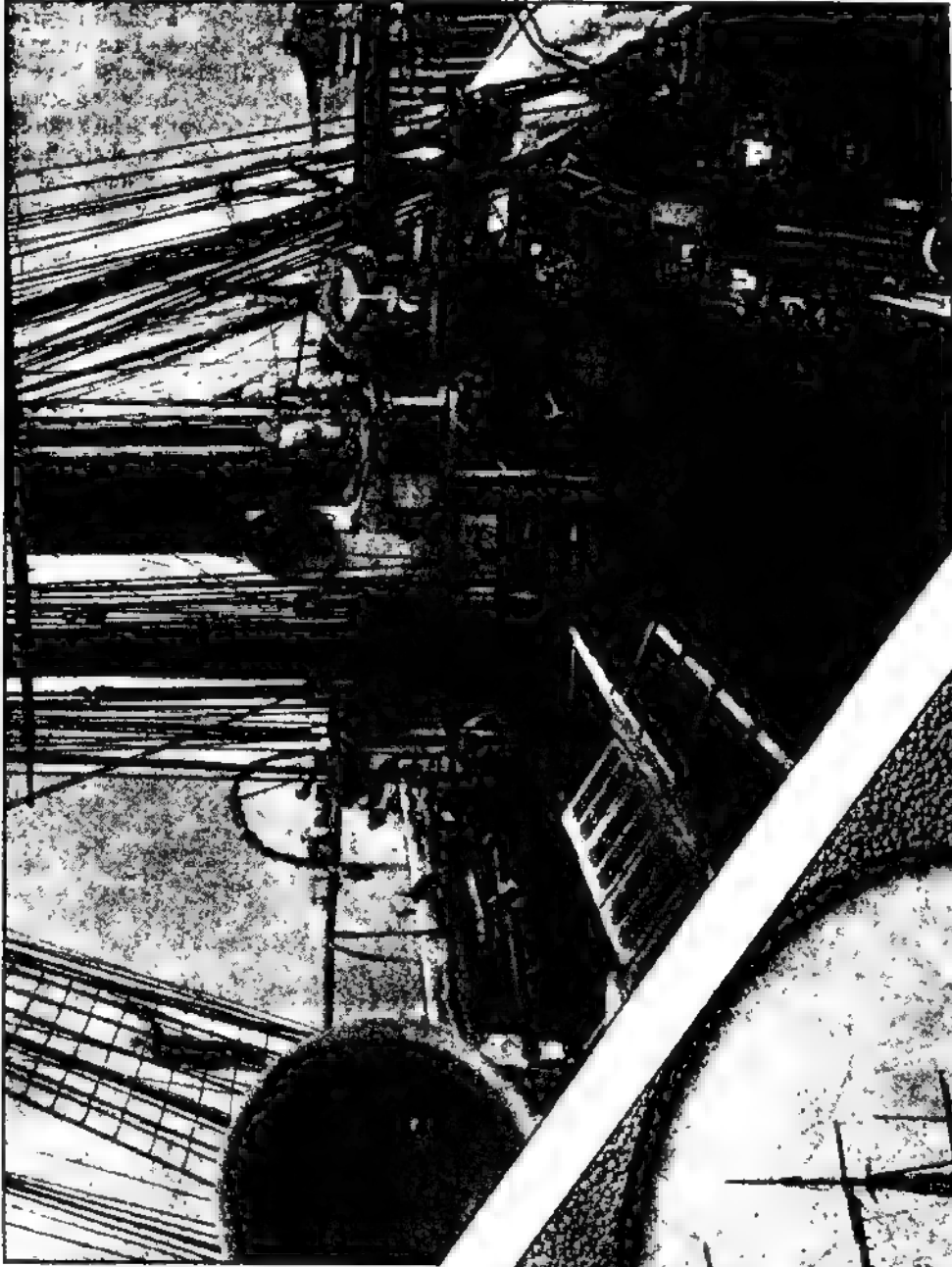
Ripple, Ripple, Little Brook

Ripple, ripple, little brook,
Ever and anon,
In and out each shady nook
Thy gravelly banks upon,
Through the yellow lily beds
Onward to the glen,
Where water-cresses raise their heads
And drop them in again;
Ripple 'mong the waving reeds
And tender lichens green,
Sparkle 'mid the flowery meads
That crimson berries screen,—
Babble out by pleasant fells,
And verdant fields along,
Where sloping hills and shady dells
Repeat thy rippling song.
Onward by a ruined wall,
A garden gate before,
And o'er a tiny waterfall
In crystal grandeur pour.
Shout to a lattice ivy hung,
Sing to a face most fair,
In ripplings of thy silver tongue
A humble message bear;
And if a stranger should be near,
Steal through the broken pane
And chant it lowly in her ear,
And ripple back again.
Tell her, gentle little brook,
My pleasures all are flown;
No more for happiness I look,
But wander on alone,
And sadly view the hidden path
Where oft in infancy
We watched the robins take their bath
Beneath yon spreading tree—
When all was bright and fresh and fair,
And happiness and bliss,
And I gathered roses for her hair
As forfeits for a kiss,
And the cricket in the hollow
And the honey-laden bee
Joined with the twittering swallow
In congratulating me.
Adieu—and still it is not night,
The farmer's at the plough.
Yet something hides thee from my sight,
I cannot see thee now.
But ripple, ripple, dash along
Thy sunlit pebbles o'er,
And through the pane thy babbling song
Into her chamber pour,
And sing a psalm soft and low
Of love that lives in vain,
A ruined life and broken vow,
And ripple back again.

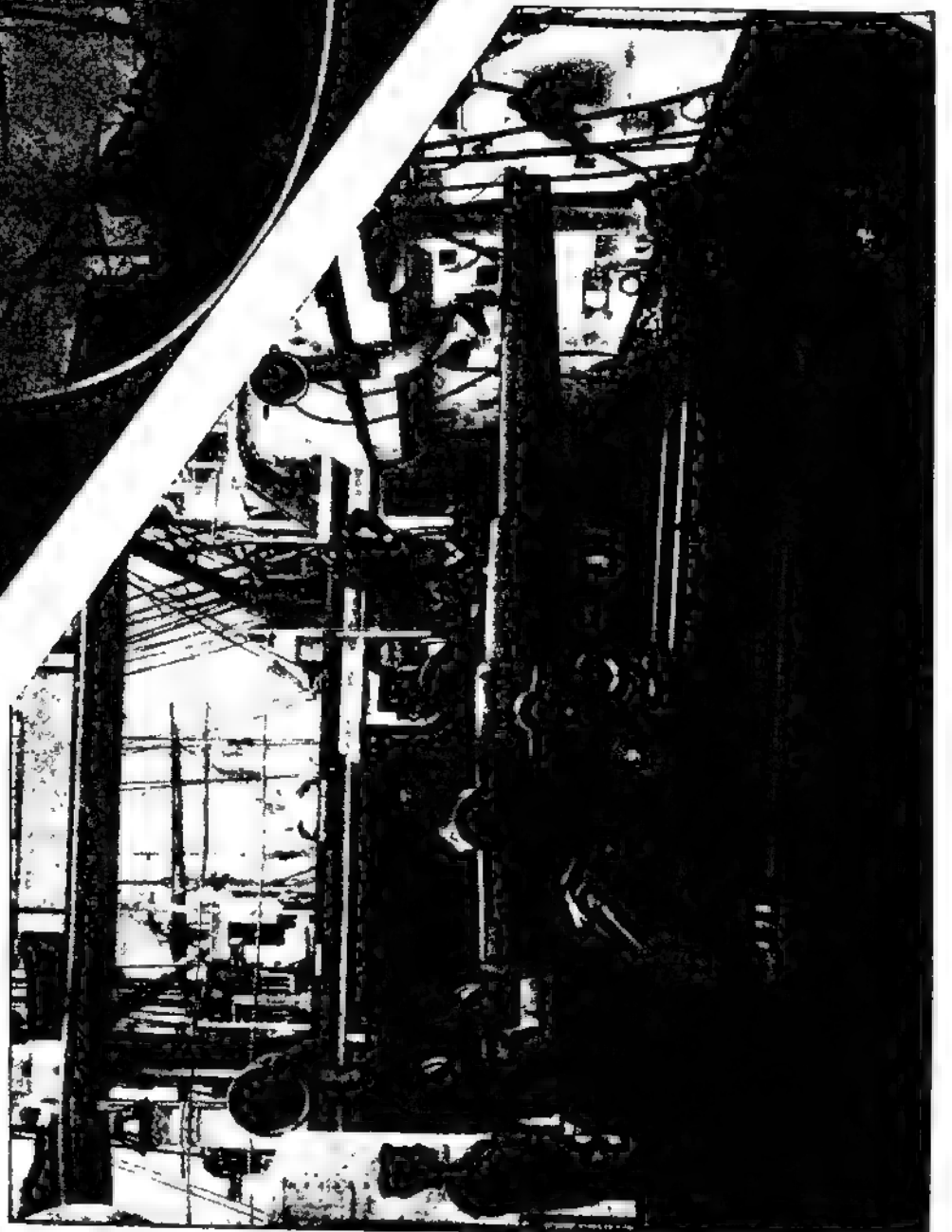
St. John, N.B.

FRED. DEVINE.

HAIR POWDER.—On February 23, 1795, Mr. Pitt proposed a tax on persons wearing hair powder, which he estimated would bring to the revenue £210,000 annually, but was the death blow to the custom, for its use was immediately discontinued. Those persons who continued to wear it were termed guinea pigs, because 1 guinea was the amount per head of the tax.—*Notes and Queries*.

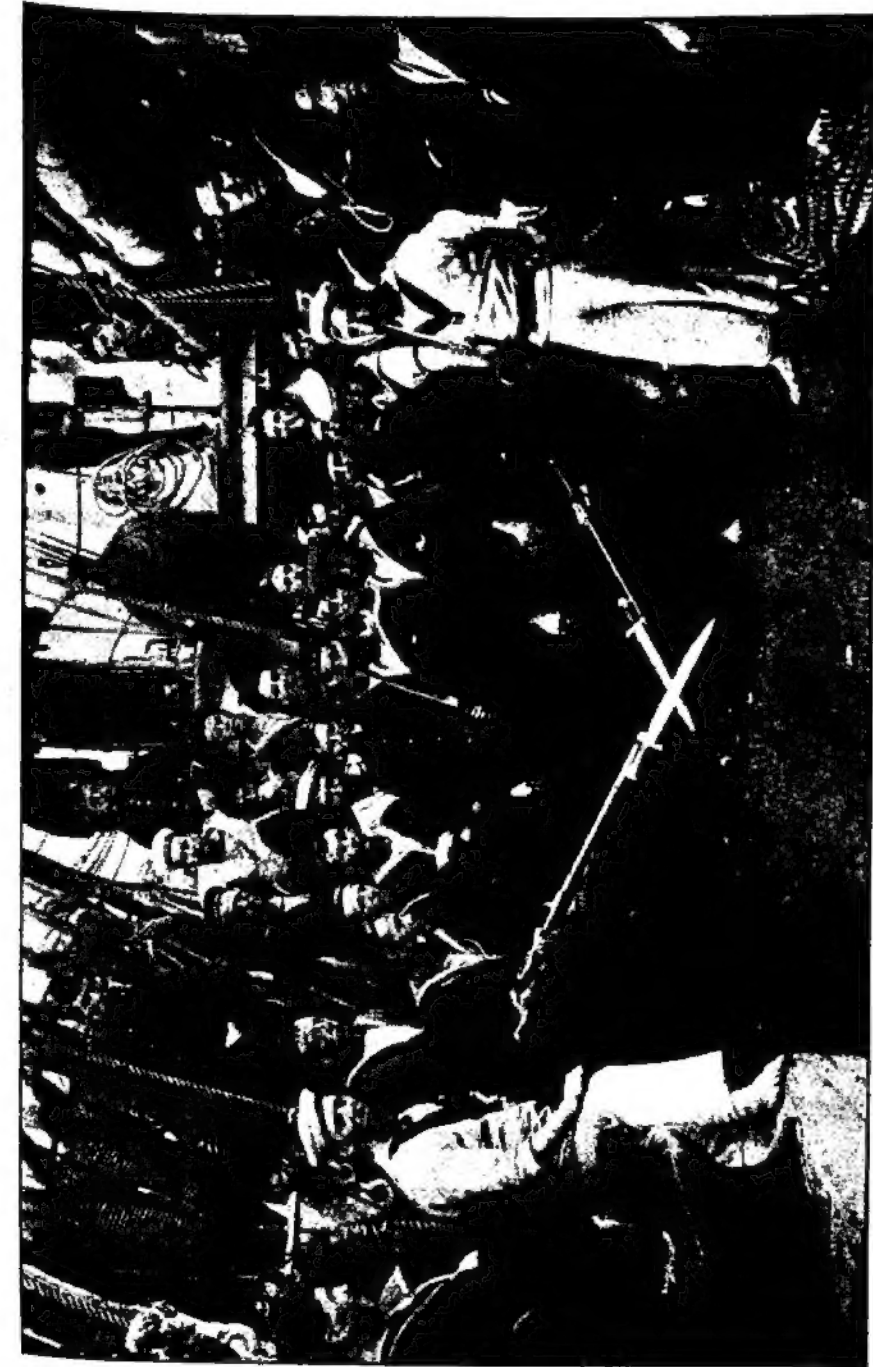


View of Main-deck.
Marine Mess.



The "Canada" at the Wharf.
SCENES ON H. M. S. "CANADA."

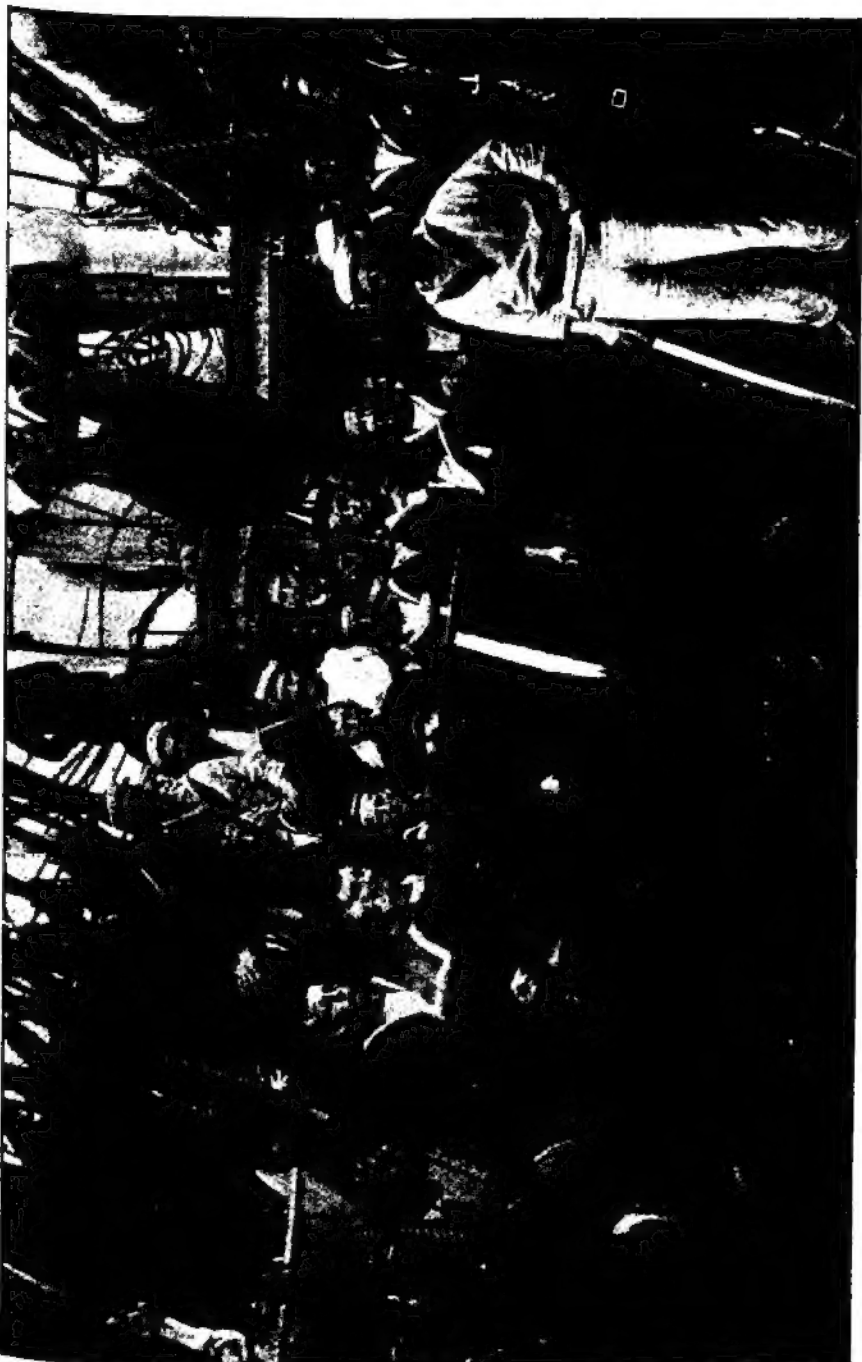
Wheel House.
Port Quarter-deck Gun.



BAYONET VS. BAYONET.



A JOLLY CROWD.



A BOUT WITH CUTLASSES.



A BOXING MATCH.

RECREATION ON BOARD H. M. S. "CANADA" AND "THRUSH."

Barrundia.*

Haul down the "Flag of Freedom"
And trail it in the dust,
Since it has lost the power to keep
Its highest, holiest trust;
Since from its clustered stars, the gleam
Is but the phantom light
That lures the fugitive to death
Across the swamp at night.
Shame on the Yankee cruisers
That in San José bay,
Lay like abandoned derelicts
A pistol shot away,
While on the Acapulco's deck
Was wrought the deed of death,
And brave Barrundia yielded up
Beneath their flag—his breath!
A stranger sought the ægis
Of the Republic's fame;
The guardians of her honour
Smirched her fair face with shame.
Oh! for a British midgy
And a dozen British tars
To have kept undimmed the glory
Of Columbia's crown of stars!
Waiting no captain's orders,
Heedless of legal flaw,
Writing with sword and cutlass
All that they knew of law—
Law to protect the helpless,
To strike assassins down,
Even to suffer death—to win
A deathless deed's renown.

HARRY DANE.

*General Barrundia, ex-Minister of War of Guatemala, while a passenger on board the Ameri an steamship Acapulco, from Mexico to San Salvador, was shot on that ship while lying in the port of San José by agents of the existing Guatemalan Government. No effort to defend him was made by the American gunboats lying within sight, although they had been appealed to by the captain of the Acapulco. The commanders of the gunboats declined to interfere without orders from the "Port Captain."

English Landscape Art.

When Cecil Lawson died landscape art seemed, for the moment, to be almost lost to this country. We had then, as we have now, Vicat Cole, Leader, and Keeley Halswelle, and to them we had to cling *faute de mieux*. But where are they now? Vicat Cole travels steadily down the hill to his appointed goal: Leader this year, it is true, almost inspires a hope in the breasts of art lovers that his downward progress has been arrested; and Keeley Halswelle's "Venice—Early Moonrise" (Grosvenor 186) is a welcome surprise. In this pleasing picture the sky is admirably painted; the artist has had the courage to break fresh ground. But neither to these painters nor to such as Millais or Watts—whose laurels, for the most part, have been won on other fields, and who, returning in their old age to landscape, the highest and most exacting of all forms of artistic expression, paint in a manner which clearly shows that for them such giants as Rousseau, Daubigny, Mauve and Corot have never existed—do we look for vital landscape art; in that, to waive, for the moment, all other considerations, their methods place them wholly out of court. Mr. Frederick Goodall's "The Thames from Windsor Castle" bears a strong family likeness to certain boyish performances that I have been permitted to see of one of the most able of this band of young English landscape painters to which I have referred. I allow, of course, that so far as mere painting goes Mr. Goodall's achievement is on a different platform, but Mr. Goodall has reached no higher artistic ground in the prime of his life than this born artist stood on in his earlier days of striving and groping. Mr. Watts and Sir Everett Millais would appear to have found in the unsatisfactory technique of Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. Leader something worthy of emulation. I am aware that in this I am only half stating and imperfectly stating the case. Old methods die hard. Mr. Sydney Cooper and Mr. H. W. B. Davis continue to paint landscapes with cattle in a way which very properly pleases the stock-rearer, whose art perceptions have received their chief stimulus at the market or fair, based upon the productions of the itinerant dauber, skilful in bringing out points which have no existence save in the imagination of vain or self-interested owners. But neither Mr. Sydney Cooper, nor Mr. Davis, nor Mr. Peter Graham can be held to represent the vital landscape art of this country. It is, as I have already said, in the keeping of younger men, who, although they have not been directly influenced by the Barbizon painters and the other great romanticists affiliated to that school—the men I have in mind, and whom I shall presently mention particularly, are as individual as Michel, Troyon, Corot, Rousseau, Hervier and Daubigny—still, in an historical sense, they must be held to be their associates, while, in an artistic sense, they are their lineal descendants. Could any painter crave a nobler ancestry? I must be distinctly understood. I claim for the young English romanticists full equality—they are the peers (in some instances peers of higher rank) of their French and Dutch forerunners. They are not imitators, they are carrying on and developing the landscape painter's art which, in the hands of those great men, had not only

reached a height it had never attained before, but had become nothing short of a new art; for the work of the romanticists is so far removed in poetry, knowledge and power from any other landscape art known to the world—we get an anticipatory foretaste of it in Cuyt, Ruysdael and Berghem, it is true—that it may be held to be a new art. It bears the same relationship to the landscape art of the pretty school as do the rude drawings on the caves of the Bushmen to the frescoes of Signorelli. While all landscape art in the near future, if it is to have any value, however transitory, however partial, will be tinged with the work of the romanticists, there will be few great painters. A great painter is a great creator; one who conceives original and untried combinations of beautiful objects and effects. Still it will be as impossible in the future for a landscape painter who does not wish to be contemptible to ignore what I may almost call the discoveries of the romanticists, as it is now for the ordinary medical practitioner to ignore the discoveries of Pasteur and Koch. Nevertheless, to accept teachings does not make a great teacher, any more than to be in the vogue makes one a leader of fashion. If, then, I only trust myself to speak with certainty of a limited number of landscape painters, for whose art this high place can be fairly claimed, it is because one must see a good deal of any given painter's work, and work the doing of which has spread itself over a considerable period of time, before one can feel absolutely sure of the staying power or the origination genius of the painter in question. Many are called, but few are chosen. A great artist is, as I have said—a great creator, he himself is a great creation; another entity added to the world of being. This is so although he is eclectic, gathering up and selecting from that which has gone before; the best of it. But he is not a reflex; he gives back with a difference. He neither repeats others nor does he repeat himself.—James Stanley Little, in the "Artist."

Herrick.

I.

Thou wast a birth of Morn;—yet not the star
Lamp of his throne—so silent, and so far;
A mellow light, leaned low,
Where all the hills could know;
Or hap, the home-flame on the hearth
With wit's warm sparkles still caressing earth,
Thy most familiar muse, without disguise,
Cometh with safe allurements to our eyes;
Thou breakest like a sun thro' all thy sphere,
And sound'st a joyful clarion on the ear;
Singing,—Rejoice! rejoice!
With a most May-glad voice.

II.

England's Elysian Field, mead o' the mind,
With daisies plenteous sown;
Where a hid tangle of young brooklets wind
And all the winds of Arcady have blown!
In thee young virgins rove and dream—
Perilla, Sappho, Dianeme—
And infants in the dawning sport alone.
There by the margents may we walk,
And with olden poets talk;
And pluck us flowers of fadeless phantasy,
Dabbling our hands with the dew-dripping lea,—
The sunrise of our youth not left behind;
O, rich domain!
Shall we not come again and breathe in thee?
Spirit of fresh delight!
Yield us thy jocund might.
Shalt thou not come, and o'er our hearts again
Fall like glad sunshine and the gently-dropping rain?

III.

Faint elmy tenderness,—ethereal green,—
Soft phantom-beauty, seen
On frilled and fluted tips in lofty-lighted eve!
Gazing, our youth gleams on us ray'd through tears;
So, when thy page appears,
The dancing lights start up the leaves between;
The subtle joy strikes home, and still most tenderly we
grieve.

Thus does the open Primrose shine,
The Rose new-blossom from thy line,
The Lily in a crystal live,
As thou th' unfading shrine may give;
While all life's glancing waves express
A sympathetic cheerfulness.
And while we hear thee mourn the Daffodils
Each thoughtful pulse a sweet compassion fills.
So, later, one upon the fields of Ayr
Caroll'd his joy and musical despair,—
Challeng'd the birds on ev'ry thorny tree.

For dreaming memory turns amain
To his immortal bliss and pain,
Thy brother-bard and generous mate,
Who wept the Daisy's kindred fate;
Musing, while yet th' unbounded flower was fair,
The drooping, the decay, the fading, that must be.

IV.

Hesperia's Garden, full of dainty plots,
Fantastic set, and quaintly bordered;
What golden fruits in thee,
From many a laden tree,
Fall at our feet, as down thy walks we tread!
There, simply set, or in fraternal knots,

The flowers we love their olden perfume shed,—
Where the "fair Daffodils" we weep for grew;
Where dawn the golden hours
And drop the honeyed showers,
And Oberon's chalice holds its sop of fairy dew.

V.

Wild blossom-world, alive with minstrelsy,
Where, on smooth-shaven lawns,
Caper light maiden feet in twinkling glee;
Thou lightest up from immemorial dawns
Immortal May-days, which shall summon down
Drowsy Corinnas, to o'ertrip the lea;
While drowns low the bee
To all who roving be,—
The rose-lip'd maid, and gentles brave and brown.

VI.

Fair is thine England,—blossomed from the sea;
Great are her bards, but truer none than thee.
To all her ancient life; for Nature laid
Thy heart unto her lips, whereon she played
A flute-like carol of bucolic glee;
So, as thou comest near,
We evermore may hear
Laughter of wasteless brooks, re-echoing clear;
Joys spring like birds, while cloud-white sorrows show
Fleet shadows of a flying gayety,—
Winged shapes, whose fleeting, gray uncertainty
Can no continuance know.

VII.

Fair is thine England,—not less bloomy fair;
But thou, her sparkling soul, art thou not there!
Singing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
Singing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes!
See, thou remainest still; we hear thy voice;
For, while we wait, thou bringest us anew
Mirth's rich profusion, Music's accent true,
And biddest not to sorrow, but rejoice!
Fair is thine England; fair thy native scene—
Thy leafy Devon still puts forth her green;
Pierces her dingles the re-echoing horn;
The wild Dean Borne sings of its old renown,
And, high aloft, o'er many a dale and down,
The lark is shouting in the ear of morn.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Balzac's Commission.

Curmer had conceived the idea of the publication to be called "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes," and came to Balzac to secure his support and contributions. Balzac accepted, on condition that the work should include a study of Balzac and his work, to be written by Théophile Gautier. Curmer accepted the condition. Balzac rushed to the Rue de Navaria, where Gautier was then living, and offered him the commission, which was accepted with joy. "The price," said Balzac, "will be 500f." Théophile had soon written the article and taken it himself to the publisher, but was too modest to ask for the payment. A week passed, a fortnight passed, and he heard nothing more of the article or of Balzac. One fine day Balzac came to see him and said, "I do not know how to thank you. Your article is a masterpiece. As I thought ready money might not come amiss to you, I have brought the amount agreed on with me." So saying he put down 250f. "But," said Gautier timidly, "I thought you said it was to be 500f. Of course, it was my mistake." "Not at all," Balzac replied; "you are perfectly right. It was to be 500f. But just think a moment. If I had never lived you could never have said all the fine things you have said of me. That is obvious. Without my existence there would have been no article—without the article there would have been no money. Very well, I take half the money as the subject of the article. I give you half as its author. Is not this justice?" "The justice of Solomon," answered Gautier, and, what is more, he always thought so.—Longman's Magazine.

Remembrance.

Earth cannot bind me when I think of thee,
Drawn am I upward by mysterious ties;
I then can hear sweet minstrels of the skies
Touching melodious chords that say to me—
Heaven's first dawning lies in woman's eyes.
Aylmer, P.Q. DIXIE.

Seasonable Advice.

A SOUND, healthy person takes no harm from a slight chill, and if in the late summer and in autumn we accustom ourselves to cool rooms and but a moderate amount of clothing, we are so much the better prepared for winter. The matter is, of course, especially important to merchants, lawyers, and others who spend most of the day in offices. I have seen learned counselors panic-stricken by the raising of a window, and I understand that some judges would probably fine for contempt of court anybody who would introduce a current of pure air with their jurisdiction. No wonder that litigation thrives in a bad atmosphere.—Boston Post.



To reward an old and faithful servant on his retirement after years of honest service is always a pleasant task. It is pleasant to the donors to be able to thus testify to their gratitude and esteem, and it is doubly pleasant for the recipient to accept a tangible token of their satisfaction with his services and of their good wishes for his future prosperity. To so a loyal servant as Mr. Wm. Drysdale, then, the moment of the presentation of the Hunt Club's testimonial to him must have been the proudest of his life. It was nicely done too, and under circumstances that made it especially appropriate and impressive. For one hour the old man stood again among the hunting men he had so often led across country. For one moment he was again huntsman, and standing thus among his old employers, his thoughts must have involuntarily flashed back along his 35 years of unbroken service to when he first entered the Hunt as junior whip. What changes the old man must have seen! How many young Nimrods he must have watched taking all before them and riding straight to hounds with that daring and dash which has made the British horseman the ideal trooper, who are now staid middle-aged citizens, whose most stirring ride is now in the common-place street car. What tales of fast runs and blank days the old man could unfold. Every covert and earth on the island must be as familiar to him as the post office clock. In a few well chosen words he endeavoured to convey a few of his reminiscences as well as a sense of his loyalty and gratitude to the members. He reminded them that he had served under thirteen masters. Lieut. Cox, R.E., Mr. D. Lorn McDougall, Captain De Winton, Mr. W. M. Ramsay, Mr. Wm. Cunningham, Mr. John Crawford, Mr. Andrew Allen, Mr. Hugh Paton, Mr. J. R. Hutchins, Captain E. A. C. Campbell, Mr. Baumgarten, and then Mr. Crawford again, have in turn profited by his experience. He married and brought up children in the service of the Hunt, and, throughout his long connection with it, was honestly proud of being its huntsman.

The testimonial itself consisted of a gold watch, chain and locket; the latter containing portraits of Mr. H. Baumgarten, the ex-master, and Mr. John Crawford, the present master, and engraved with a suitable inscription. In addition to this, Mr. Crawford handed to him a purse of \$200, specially presented to him by Mr. A. Baumgarten, in token of his especial liking and esteem. The subscribers of the watch number nearly all the prominent members of the club, among them being Messrs. John Crawford, M.F.H., A. Baumgarten, ex-M.F.H., Hugh Paton, ex-M.F.H., J. Alex. Stevenson, Hon. Secretary Leslie H. Gault, Dr. C. McEachran, E. J. Major, H. Montagu Allan, Hon. Honore Mercier, Colin Campbell, R. B. Ross, J. P. Dawes, J. A. L. Strathy, Robt. Allan, L. Galarneau, W. H. Meredith, F. F. Rolland, J. O'Brien, sr., J. O'Brien, jr., F. J. Robertson. A large number of ladies were present on the occasion, and altogether the old man has just reason to be proud of the manner in which the Hunt Club have treated him, and the hearty applause with which they greeted his farewell remarks.

The Bel-Air Fall races have come and gone and the miserable weather had a good deal to do in detracting from the pleasure of attending them. Then the track was so heavy that nothing but a mud horse had any kind of a chance; still there were two-year-olds out on Saturday, and the owners are probably sorry for it by this time. The racing, under the circumstances, could not be called interesting, and in a couple of events the jockeys were not above suspicion. The gentlemen at the head of the Bel-Air club have displayed sportsmanlike generosity both in their purses and the improvements made in their track, and it behooves them to look with a jealous eye on everything that even appertains to suspicion. It would be a pity if, after going to all the expense that has been incurred, the public confidence in the course should be shaken by the chicanery of a jockey. A little severity would teach a wholesome lesson to some boys, and the effect all round would be salutary. Another thing that is regretted is the small number of starters. It is discouraging for a club to hang out a respectable purse and then see only three horses face the starter. But the owners will be the sufferers in the long run. Take for instance the Carslake steeplechase, the richest purse in the meeting, and only three starters, with apparently only one horse in the going. That certainly is not encouraging. But Rome was not built in a day, and neither can a jockey club be. There has been steady improvement since the beginning, and I hope to see still greater improvement in the future, but everything possible should be done to sustain public confidence.

Sergt.-Major Morgans, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, is now the acknowledged champion at all round swordsmanship. On the 11th he met Professor McGregor, whose knowledge was gained in the Thirteenth Hussars. Morgans won easily in every contest on the card. With the foils Morgans scored 5, McGregor 3; sword v. sword, the score was the same; bayonet v. bayonet, Morgans 5,

McGregor 1; sword v. bayonet, Morgans 5, McGregor 2. The rest of the programme was not carried out, as the 13th man acknowledged his defeat.

The regatta season is about wound up, and the Grand Trunk and Longueuil clubs' supplementary contests took place on Saturday and may be looked on as the finish.

The weather has been of such an obnoxious character that such a thing as a trotting meeting has been entirely out of the question. A new aspirant for public patronage in the trotting way is the track at Blue Bonnets, which will be opened with a two days' meeting on Monday. The Longueuil club have abandoned their meeting altogether, as further postponement would make dates clash with the races at Marieville and other places.

The annual games of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association on the Metropolitan grounds were a grand success. Only one record was broken, and that in a dubious way that will bar its recognition, but the time made was very creditable all round, and the games were thoroughly enjoyable ones. G. R. Gray, the Canadian shot-putter of the New York A. C., put the 16 lb. shot a distance of 46 feet 8 inches, which would beat the existing record by eight inches; but, unfortunately, when the put was verified, it was discovered that the shot was three ounces light, and, therefore, the record still stands at the old figure.

If cable reports are correct, and in the face of the affidavits it seems impossible to doubt them, W. B. Page's record of 6 feet 4 inches for the running high jump must be relegated to the back-ground. A volunteer of the 5th Battalion Devonshire Regiment, at the regimental sports at Haytor Camp, cleared 6 feet 5 3/8 inches, according to the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association, the measurement being taken from the centre of the bar and the ground tested with a spirit level. His name is George William Rowdon, a member of the Dawlish Athletic Club. He is compactly built, stands 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighed 152 pounds when he broke the record.

The annual championship games of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada, which will be held in Montreal on the 27th inst., give every promise of being the most important and best contested ever held. The big athletic rivals of New York will be represented in their full strength, and several other leading clubs in the United States have made known their intention of sending numerous entries. Mr. G. A. Avery, of the Manhattan Club, has also notified Secretary Weldon that he will officiate as time-keeper. The Salford Harriers of England will also be on hand, and amid such an array of athletic talent it appears to me that the Canadians will not have much of a show for first places; but still we might manage to get one or two. One thing, however, must not be forgotten, and that is, that to win in such company steady work on the track must be kept up. From the way in which some of the ground has been covered on the M.A.A.A. path, there is every reason to suppose that Montreal will make a very creditable showing, but creditable is not good enough; we should have some winners. By the way, why is there not more attention paid to the weights and the hammer? There is plenty of material in the M.A.A.A., and it only wants a start properly made to develop it.

Once more the Lulu has come to the front and carried off her third prize flag. It was in the last of the S.L.Y.C. series, and was practically a match race between the Lulu and the Chaperon, but the latter's board was carried away, and, of course, she was out of it. Up to date the Lulu can fairly be considered the champion of the lake.

The Pointe Claire Canoe Club crew has practically wound up its season with the annual meeting, which was held on Saturday last, and the statement of affairs was a most satisfactory one. A handsome silver cup, which is the Pointe Claire Canoe trophy, was presented by Mr. W. T. Wallace, and, in turn, Mr. B. Tooke handed it over to Mr. Archibald, who had won two out of the three races sailed for it. Mr. Montserrat was the happy recipient of the skiff trophy, which is a handsomely engraved pewter. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Captain, W. J. Wallace; mate, A. C. Thomas; purser, Chas. Archibald.

The bicyclists still keep smashing away at the records, and Peoria, Ill., has been the scene of the latest performances in this line. The tandem bicycle record for a mile was the first to go—Smith and Murphy doing the distance in 2.25, a reduction of eight seconds in the world's mark. Rich, of the New York Athletic Club, also did a little smashing, and he now holds the world's amateur five mile mark. His time was 13.51 3-5, which is 6 1-5 seconds better than the English record. The best previous American record was 14.07 2-5. Then Windle stepped in, the world's record for the mile was dropped a notch, and with a solid tire the pneumatic tire was forced to lower its colours. The record was 2.28 1/4 on a solid tire and 2.26 4-5 on a pneumatic tire. Windle made it in 2 25 3-5 on a solid tire. Berlo made a mile in 2.30 on a safety solid tire. England's solid tire record was 2.34 1-5 and the

American two seconds slower. This was also smashed by the pneumatic record of 2.32 4 5.

The Orients returned from their Eastern holiday trip with a good deal of healthy exercise and some additional adipose tissue stowed away under their waistcoats. They speak in the warmest way of the manner in which they were treated in every city visited, and the cities in return got some exhibitions of good lacrosse. This excursion scheme is a good one, and the example might be followed with advantage by other clubs.

How have the mighty fallen! The invincible Crescents to lower their colours to the Montreal Juniors! But such is the fact, and it is easily explained. They thought they could play on their reputation, and they were very much surprised when they found they could not. It will perhaps teach them in future not to despise their opponents and to do a little practising beforehand. The day for terrorizing a team into defeat at lacrosse has gone past, and whoever wants to win has to come on the field in something like condition and play hard.

The Montreal Fall games, which take place to-day, will give a fair insight into what kind of work the Montrealers may be expected to do at the championships the following week. The showing made at the Ottawa games was a satisfactory one, but better should be done on the Montreal track.

The lawn tennis contingent have watched with interest the progress of the tournament at McGill grounds, and this afternoon the friends of the club will be entertained at tea.

Now is the time for the football men to begin thinking about the Fall's sport. The Montreal F.B.C. have got pretty well under way and intend to carry along their championship form of the past few years. But it is said also that there will be a big stir up in the old rival club.

The West Indian cricketers will not have the pleasure of meeting a Canadian eleven this eleven, as the proposed match has been abandoned on account of the impossibility of getting a Canadian team together.

There has been a good deal of talk recently about an international football team. It will be remembered that when Canada sent away an association team two years ago they did every credit to the Dominion, and held their own with the best elevens on the other side. There is no reason why such a thing should not be done again, and there are many suggestions as to the men who should compose the team. Among others the following are worthy of consideration:—Shibbin or Garrett for goal; Lawrence, Crawford, Chittick, Fernier, Robertson, Hill, Emmett, Jacoby, Forbason, Cameron and Hill, of Valleyfield.

From what I hear there would be nobody surprised if the old-time herculean goal-keeper of the Torontos should once more be seen on the field—not as a player or an official—but simply to see how far he can send the ball from a lacrosse stick. And it is safe to say that every lacrosse man in the country would be glad to be on the field that day.

There ought to be great racing in the Argonaut Rowing Club's meet to-day. Just imagine seventeen four-oared crews practising for the Fall meet. That shows enterprise, at least, that is worthy of imitation, and there the club has two new Wharin four-oared practice boats. Our local clubs might take a hint from the Torontonians.

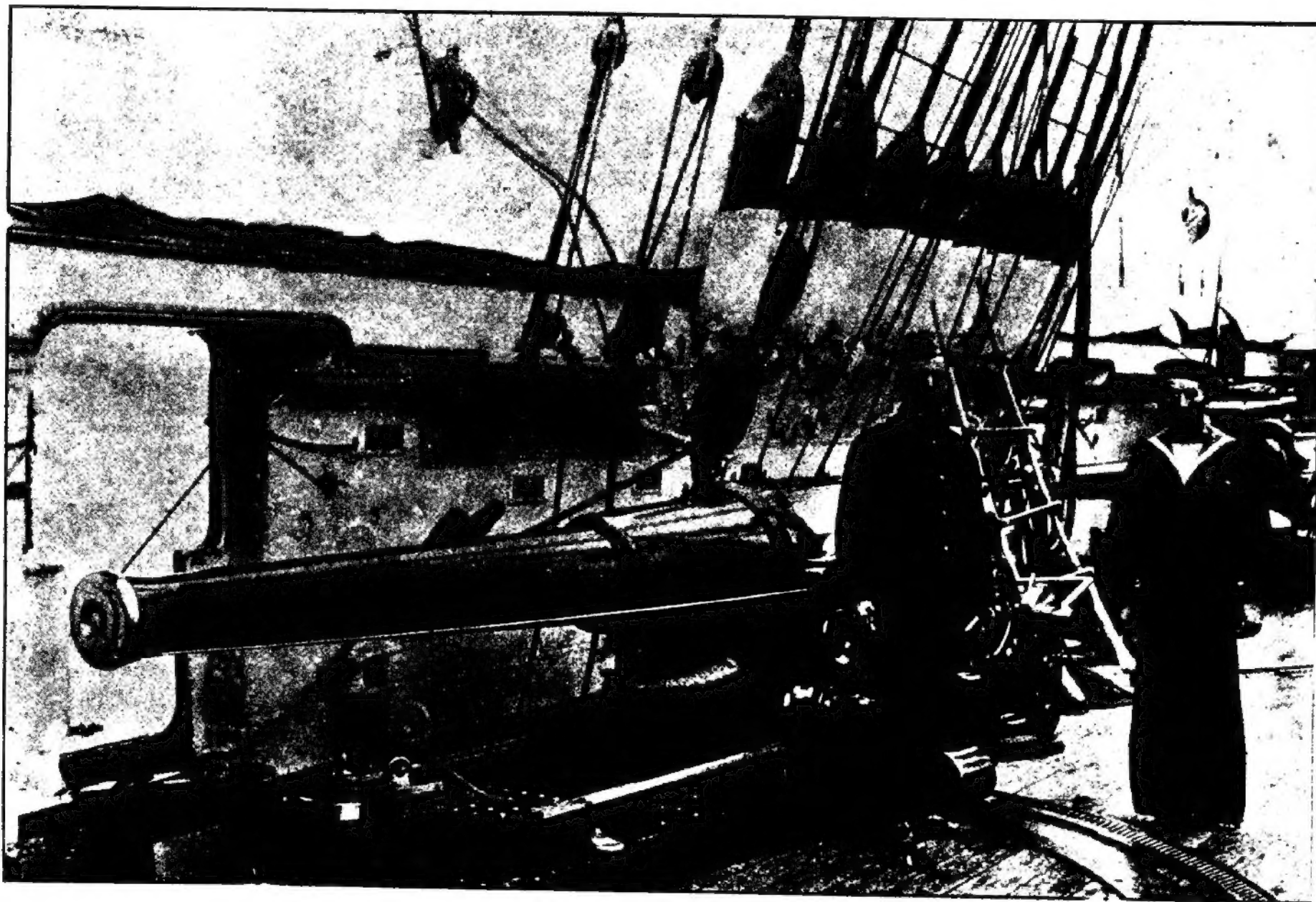
At the annual meeting of the Western Football Association the following clubs were represented:—Woodstock, Berlin, Seaforth, Toronto, Elora, Galt. The date of the annual meeting was changed from September to December, which practically means the changing of the championship from a semi-annual to an annual affair. It is also likely that an inter-association match will be played this Fall, the arrangements for which have been left in the hands of a committee, and the winners of the cup series in the West will likely be recommended to play off with the winners in the East.

The bad management of driving a good horse too far is just now being illustrated in the case of Axtell, who will not be seen on the track again this fall. Last season's heavy campaign told on him, and a very slight injury was sustained, which it is hoped will not be permanent; at least the best vets in the United States say so. It would be a pity if the great stallion was off the track for good. He will probably be around in good shape for next season, but still the incident conveys a lesson for other owners.

Once more I hear that Mr. T. H. Love has parted with the services of W. McBride, who has had the Love stable in charge. The owner has not been playing in particularly good luck this year and better things were to be expected from his string.

R. O. X.

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